

JULY, 1922

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Very Rev. Fr. Fidelis, C. P., Very Rev. Fr. Matthias, C. P.

Breaking The Spell - - - - - Violet O'Connor

Zionism In Palestine - - - - - Rev. Cyprien Jourdin, C. P.

The Labor Problem - - - - - Rev. R. A. McGowan

With the Passionists in China
Famine

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Mary Dodge Ten Eyck

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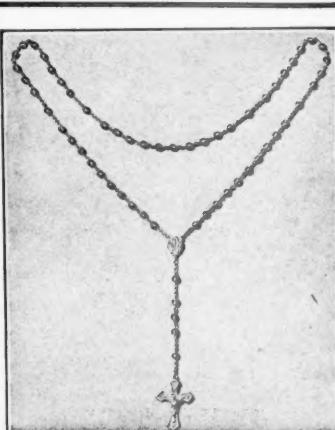
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VOL. I.

JULY, 1922

No. 12

Very Rev. Fr. Fidelis, Passionist

(James Kent Stone)

FOREWORD

WHAT is to follow, on the career of Fr. Fidelis, should at best be classified as sketches. Even so, a *foreword* may be called for by our readers.

A great number of readers learned only, through the press notices published on the occasion of his death that Fr. Fidelis had been an outstanding and influential figure of the Church in America. A man with such a reputation who eluded recognition by the public eye for so many years becomes to the present generation 'a man of mystery.'

The truth is he was born to be great. Only at long intervals in the line of men, do we find one having such an assemblage of varied and resplendent endowments, as were his. At rare intervals shall we meet one who at so early an age emerged at a commanding point of vantage through swiftly moving imposing experiences; his life was a 'High Romance' while he was still in his twenties.

Just on this account, will older readers ask why does the 'chapter end there?' These acquaintances of Fr. Fidelis preserved an admiration too glowing for time to bedim. Yet when they speak of his later life there is an audible undertone of lament. The words of Oliver W. Holmes, echo faithfully their sentiments relative to his Catholic life. In answer to a request for reminiscences he writes us in part, "I am truly sorry that I have no facts to tell you, but I have given you all I have; vivid impressions of a star seen at long intervals and then hidden from my sight."

WHEY remember that Kent Stone in the late sixties seemed destined to be the American counterpart of Newman.

He was recognized as being the most brilliant light in the Anglican Church at the time he left it. Bishop Coxe broke forth into a circular letter to the Powers in the Anglican body on the occasion of James Kent Stone's accepting the presidency of Hobart College. "Congratulate us. . . ."

This same Bishop Coxe, before another year had elapsed, came to the President's apartments to make a last effort to prevent Fr. Fidelis from going over to Rome. Failing in this, he carried on like a maniac, literally tearing the hair out of his head. Kent Stone was only twenty-nine when he came knocking at the door of the Church for admission, with "The Invitation Heeded" in his hand; a book which, as Fr. Havens Richards S.J. says, has brought as many converts into the Church as there are words in it. Then, our elders will tell us, the eclipse came, relieved now and again at long intervals by a furtive flash. None other could have accomplished what he chose to leave undone. They are aware that he labored on under cover in foreign lands; that he was a 'hunter of souls' well nigh over the face of the globe; that in his own community, he was prominent, fulfilling its highest offices—all this ought not, to have interfered with his higher and larger national mission.

Will our readers expect these 'sketches to bear the character of an 'Apologia, in all that has to do with the major portion of his life?

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Evidently Fr. Fidelis himself did not think that there was any necessity of explanation or of defense of his Catholic days. Whoever knew him will readily read the impatience in the words in which he takes into account what others than himself considered his mission.

"Fifty years have passed since the foregoing chapters were written. Like a watch in the night those years have gone; and now, to my surprise, I find myself growing old. During this long interval I have always shrunk from anything like controversy. Not that I would underrate the value of such discussion, but I had already done my part, I thought, in that line; and it was a relief to dismiss such topics from my mind. My thoughts were engaged elsewhere."

"Neither did I pay heed to suggestions that I should write 'something worth while' about what I had observed in foreign countries. I did not feel myself called to pass judgment on the state of religion in other lands; all my desire was to work as a simple missionary wherever obedience might place me."

DANY will learn here for the first time that Fr. Fidelis again took up his pen a short time before he died. "The Awakening and What Followed" is divided into two parts. In the first there is practically a re-issue of "The Invitation Heeded." "What Followed" sparingly sketches some of the activities of his Catholic life. Old acquaintances were puzzled over the appearance of the book: the ostensible reason given in the 'Prologue' could not be the whole of the truth. The secret of why he wrote again barely escaped going to the grave with him. Whatever his reasons, he evidently did not believe there was any call for an 'Apologia.'

The reader must be content to accept his avowal: he was not destined for what universal sentiment seems to have decreed ought to have been his life-work. What his conception was of his mission, and how he lived it out, these papers will endeavor to reveal.

* * * * *

PARENTAGE AND EARLY YEARS

FR. FIDELIS contributed, on several occasions only, to the "Class Book" which every graduating class of Harvard publishes annually. Each year the members of the

class supply autobiographical notes which are weaved into a sketch of the individuals. The Annual serves as a kind of directory, giving information as to the location, interests and achievements of the members. The "Class Book" of the class of 1861 contains a summary of the life of Fr. Fidelis up to the year 1863 written by himself from Brookline in the summer of 1863.

"I was born on the 10th of November 1840 in Tremont Place, Boston, Mass. My father was the Rev. J. S. Stone, D.D., of the Episcopal Church, at that time, Rector of St. Paul's, Boston. My mother was a daughter of James Kent for many years Chancellor of the State of New York and author of Kent's Commentaries. I was my mother's first child and naturally was named by her after my grandfather. Soon after my birth, my parents removed to the city of Brooklyn, in the State of New York, and there the first twelve years of my life were spent. It is doubtful, however, if my conscious existence as a free agent began till our return to the old Bay State in 1852. Toward the close of this year, my father accepted a call to St. Paul's Church in the Village of Brookline, within sight of the Boston State House and in this charming town our family continued to have its home until my college days were over."

IN so far as ancestry is a title to standing among us, James Kent Stone, —Kent Stone he was usually called—began life with unusual advantages. Kent recalls one of America's most distinguished citizens whose place, in her Hall of Fame is secure. Father Fidelis was his favorite grandchild and was named after him. The Stones represent one of New England's proudest ancestries. The scion of the race, John Stone, added lustre to the family name by a very notable career.

In the "Memories of Chancellor Kent," dedicated to Mary Kent, the mother of Father Fidelis, the author after noting the fact that "the traditions, usages, institutions which had come from England had been razed to the ground," continues, "To James Kent came the duty of reconstruction and at this day, fifty years after his death, it can only be truly said that it is due to his life's work more than to that of any other man that the United States from ocean to ocean is controlled by the same system of jurisprudence founded upon those principles of law and equity which he enunciated. Early in his professional career he grasped the thought that he was

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free to reconstruct with no one to controvert, and from the writings of the great sages and civilians of antiquity he enriched, beautified and enlarged the commercial laws of his country and dignified for all time the profession to which he belonged."

"Kent," we read in *The American Bar Association Journal*, Dec. 1921, "is invariably spoken of as the American 'Blackstone.' This is to give him an exalted place, for the position of Blackstone is unique, and no one but Kent has ever shared these honors."

CHANCELLOR Kent died when Father Fidelis was in his eighth year. We have but little record as to his recollections of his famous grandfather. The Chancellor speaks proudly of his daughter's two boys, the elder was James Kent Stone. The Stone family was living at the time in Brooklyn, N. Y. In a letter otherwise interesting as reflecting the great man's views on religion, there occurs this passing reference to Father Fidelis and his mother: "My wife who has lived with me fifty-seven years is in excellent health and spirits and daily visits her Brooklyn daughter who has two fine boys."

While Father Fidelis was at Madison, N. J. during the critical year of 1868-69 whither he had retired to study and to pray, recollection of his early days came to his mind: "The country around is beautiful. I knew something about the region from the recollections of my childhood. My mother's parents had a fine old place, not far from here, where we would always go to spend the summers; so that my associations with the New Jersey hills had all the romance of early memory. When I came to look around for a place in which to take a little breathing spell and do a little quiet study, my attention was naturally turned in this direction. I am glad to find that my boyish impressions were not exaggerated."



Courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.

CHANCELLOR KENT

again. All records containing accounts of them, especially during the Revolution, describe them as tall, usually six feet or over, of fine physique, rather tending to dark complexions. Their characteristics were, I should judge, generosity almost to a fault, keenness of perception, especially as to character in others. In disposition they were sympathetic, high tempered, but of good judgment and strong believers in justice."

(To be Continued)

NOTE:—Persons possessing data on the life and work of Fr. Fidelis, or letters from him, are requested to communicate with Very Rev. Fr. Matthias, C.P., c/o THE SIGN.

Letters will be returned to the owners, and their wishes in regard to the use made of the communications will be respected.

Breaking the Spell

VIOLET O'CONNOR

THETHER to help herself to Lady Agatha's glass of port wine or not? was the question which had been troubling Pamela Duffield ever since she came to Roselands, a question which all but resolved itself into a definite action one chilly July evening when she found herself standing alone on the veranda beside the supper-tray.

On her arrival, about three months before, she had been asked, as all Dr. Palmer's "paying-guests" were asked, what she would like to take before retiring to rest? And bravely, unhesitatingly, she had replied, "A bowl of bread-and-milk."

"Not bovril or port-wine?"

"No, thank you. Bread-and-milk."

Little did anybody realize the new patient's courage and consistency! She had been having bread-and milk for supper every evening for the last two years, and she was utterly sick of it, sick likewise of all the monotonous and unappetising cookery that went to make up her idea of the simple life, lentils, baked beans and cold stewed dates. But above all things Pamela Duffield was loyal to fixed principles and with her staunchness to a sense of duty easily outweighed mere physical distaste.

BELIEVING as she did that the world was filled with evils and cruelties, and miseries and inequalities for which no panacea had yet been found, and believing that she had at last discovered the one and only remedy she resolved to cling to it, no matter what it cost her, until society was good and beautiful again, and everyone was well and happy. That was, in fact the reason why she was here. "Nervous breakdown" was only a polite way of referring to the matter.

Her easy-going, perfectly normal relations had been able to agree with her that the present state of society was unnecessarily complicated, and they fully appreciated her generous desire to put the world to rights. They let her talk to them about Tolstoy and Waldo Trine. They offered no objection to her admiration for Edward Carpenter and some of the most long-suffering went so far as to listen whilst she read extracts from her favourite books,

trying to teach them how to "give out love" and "attract success."

GHEY saw she liked this kind of thing and that she felt in sympathy with the peculiar manner in which such subjects were treated in her special line of literature; although her very anxiety to share these epoch-making discoveries with everyone she met, rather seemed to prove that she had not yet found in them complete satisfaction and repose.

"Material substances of all kinds," she would announce, "must only henceforth be regarded as symbols, symbols of our beautiful thought-world." And looking at the fire she would exclaim, "Let us regard this as signifying Summer-time, compressed sunlight. We must be very gentle with the fire."

ONE day a spark, from a flaming log, fell on her dress and burned a hole, and she felt worried and perplexed. The theory was all right, she still declared, but she began to fear that she did not quite know how or where to begin, to put it into practice. Her headaches also troubled her. "You can cure yourself when you are ill by believing you are well," she assured her friends, "I have done it myself when I have feared that I had caught a cold;" reluctantly admitting, when hard pressed, that the effort of believing she had not got a cold when she knew she had, gave her a headache which was infinitely more painful than the original malady.

In the old-fashioned conservative neighborhood where Pamela's family—a sporting, conventional family—had been well-known and much respected for several generations, people thought her nice but eccentric—really very odd indeed! And her relations being sincerely fond of her put up with her queer ways for a long time but when it came to walking down the village street with bare white feet and streaming golden hair they all felt it incumbent upon them to remonstrate.

SANDALS and the absence of any hose or head-gear in the garden could be tolerated they felt, just tolerated; but for the Squire's

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daughter to go dancing on the bit of green near the village post-office with bare feet and garlands of Spring flowers in her hair was impossible, utterly impossible, unless she called it "Scenes from Hamlet," and invited all her friends in the county to take five shilling tickets, and said she did it for some charity.

Her explanation that she wished only to emphasize the joy of life, was deemed extraordinary and insufficient. A conclave of matter-of-fact, kind-hearted Aunts quite failed to follow her discourse upon "The Cosmic Consciousness which shall finally illuminate the human darkness, and turn human vision from distorted shadows to the contemplation of true objects, enabling the soul to travel deductively along lines of right relation to all truth." This, they agreed, was really going too far.

SHE had never been the same since the arrival of that telegram announcing the death of a beloved brother in France. The shock was too great for her sensitive brain they feared. They had done everything to comfort her. They had declared a week later that the telegram was a mistake, that Charles had been seriously wounded, but not killed, they assured her that in course of time he would recover and be sent home. Why did they try to deceive her? She piteously asked.

Lies were no consolation in a grief like hers. "We are brought face to face with great catastrophes," she would exclaim. "Behold a world in ruins! The whole earth clamouring for salvation, and what can save it except that invincible love which nothing can daunt or weary, which calmly and firmly makes straight for its glorious goal. It is not merely a question of saving certain people from their enemies, it is a matter of saving both people and individuals from the enemy of the whole human race—love must deny the affirmations of mortal mind."

POOR Pamela! She felt the real anguish of a political situation which demanded not speech but action. As an outlet for her feelings it was at one time suggested that she should qualify to nurse the wounded, but her services, like so many others at that time, were declined. After a considerable delay she was informed that a note had been made of her kind suggestion, etc., etc., like all official letters this was extremely polite and utterly disheartening.

Then she had turned to knitting and had got everybody else to knit and read aloud "The Power of Silence" to them whilst they did so. But those sewing meetings in the Parish room were not a great success: the cottage women frankly said they did not care about the books Miss Duffield chose. And when she heard herself described a few weeks later by the Post Mistress (who had been her Grand-mother's housemaid in the days gone by and who really ought to have known better) as "the poor young lady what is off her head," she succumbed at once to her elder sister's suggestion of a rest and change of air.

PERFECT quiet for a short period at Roselands, under Dr. Palmer's supervision would soon put everything all right again, they said. It would also give the gossips time to forget. Plenty of rest, plenty of food, and plenty of fresh air, was Dr. Palmer's infallible prescription for nervous breakdown. The first and last his new patient accepted willingly: his idea of physical nourishment she resolutely declined.

Evidently such generous hospitality was designed to cheer up the invalids, but a sumptuous breakfast, a hot luncheon, a gorgeous tea, and a long late dinner were no source of joy to a girl like Pamela. And that supper tray containing her bowl of bread and milk, Mrs. Tudge's bovril and toast, and Lady Agatha's small piece of bread, and glass of wine worried her most of all. She grew to dread the sparkle of the glass and the glitter of that well-polished silver tray, which was so regularly placed on a table on the veranda, just before bed-time, by a smart attendant who wore a gold cross hanging on a chain round her neck.

ALL day it had been a charming, wide, deep, warm, south-west veranda, rendered pleasing to the eye by quantities of pink, climbing roses, and piles of bright blue cushions in every comfortable wicker chair: in the evening time it took on a different aspect: it suddenly ceased to be a beautiful resting-place and became a battlefield—and the fight took place in Pamela's own mind. Her chair was no longer a sluggard's lure, it held her spell-bound, there was no chance of breaking away, no means of escape, from her enemy, the enemy of doubt.

Whether to help herself to Lady Agatha's glass of port wine or *not* was the question that bothered

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her. She thought of the doctor and said, "No," of the other patients, "No," of the opinion of the smart attendant, "No indeed!" and then the remembrance of her loved, lost brother, rushed back upon her, overwhelming her with memories of his sympathy and tenderness and his unchanging affection for herself and she felt she simply must. "For his sake," she murmured, "it is what he always wished. I have denied it so often, but I know in my heart that he was right."

HAPTER working amongst the poor in the parish at home there had always come an inevitable re-action Pamela remembered. She used to feel disappointed, dissatisfied, exhausted, with no idea of how to resuscitate her heart and soul. When there was some domestic tragedy in the village and she heard that her neighbours stood in need of comfort, she had always known that she *could* give it, but she also knew that it would take too much out of her.

The price she paid on these occasions was wholly inadequate to the service rendered, on a par, in fact, with that tremendous headache which she gave herself by solemnly affirming that she had not caught a cold. "World-consciousness" she called it, without exactly knowing what she meant. She had read widely, quickly, rashly, not perhaps deeply, and had consequently got rather out of her depth.

Occasionally there came a flash of genuine illumination and always she *meant* well. Never had she meant so well as on that chilly summer evening when she found herself alone on the veranda with the silver tray and its contents, and tried to make up her mind whether she ought or ought not to drink Lady Agatha's glass of wine before that venerable patient should appear to claim it.

II.

HE first attempt was a failure. Just as her fingers were about to close around the stem of that wine-glass a slight cough and the rustle of old-fashioned petticoats warned Pamela Duffield of Lady Agatha's approach, frightening her into hesitation, and doomed to postponement the desperate, fateful action. Then through the open French window stepped the beautiful old lady, with her kind eyes fixed upon the other's face.

She looked funny, Pamela thought, rather dis-

appointed, as if she had been longing for her to take the wine; but that was on the higher plane, of course, symbolizing the sorrow of past ages for the want of faith in the present day; on the dead level of the actual plane on which one's butcher and baker and candlestick-maker live (and after all one has sometimes to be reasonable, Pamela remarked to herself, even in a mad-house), it was a matter of common honesty not to take that for which one did not pay.

ECCENTRIC she undoubtedly had been. "Odd to the very last degree," some of her relations had unhesitatingly declared after failing to persuade her that a grown-up person cannot walk abroad with unshod feet, and hair, however beautiful, falling to her knees. "It gives a false impression," they had repeated, and Pamela had looked surprised, and wondered why it should. But for all her long loose hair, and small white feet, she was honest as the day, and generous to a fault.

So far from being an adept in crime, kleptomania had never ranked amongst her little eccentricities, this supper table episode was, in fact, the first occasion in all her life on which she had been tempted to touch anything that belonged to another, and it was the very unusualness of the situation which caused her to start and flush when the owner's preliminary rustlings announced the advent of her presence on the scene.

PAMELA always thought of Lady Agatha as a dear old thing and would not have injured her for the world; but in this matter she somehow felt driven on, as if she could not help herself. Her mind was vigorously at work. She saw her action in two lights: as an acceptance of Lady Agatha's view of life, and also as plain theft. Just at the moment of the old lady's appearance it stood out remarkably clearly, simply as theft.

She managed to hide her confusion by stooping to pick up the white shawl which fell from the sloping shoulders. Lady Agatha belonged to a generation whose shoulders inevitably sloped. "She was the sort of woman who had become elderly at thirty-five," Mrs. Tudge said bitterly, and she conveyed the impression of having worn this shawl or a shawl exactly like it for close on half a century.

Lady Agatha would undoubtedly have preferred a table by the fire and the door shut, but Dr. Palmer considered it good for all his paying-

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guests to be in the outer air as much as possible, and as an example to Mrs. Tudge and Miss Duffield, she obeyed him loyally, sitting for many hours a day on her balcony sewing and reading; and Pamela, who occupied the next bedroom used to take a great interest in watching her movements through the adjoining window. Virginia creeper covered the glass roof.

TIt must be lovely on that balcony in Autumn, Pamela thought. Sometimes she decided to go away for a while and come back when she could have Lady Agatha's room. She would feel more contented if she could have that room, that homely, friendly-looking room, with its vases of flowers and shelves of books, and tables covered with baskets of colored silks and Churchembroidery.

If Lady Agatha was as old as she looked, as old as Mrs. Tudge declared, how could she see to embroider? That puzzled Pamela. Also she puzzled over whether Lady Agatha was a patient or only an old friend of the Doctor. Or perhaps both. Anyhow he seemed to understand her. Every morning she used to have a long talk with him up in her room, and then she scarcely spoke a word to anybody else for the remainder of the day; but Pamela felt it was not the deliberate silence of disapproval, or the silence which comes from a lack of interest in one's fellow creatures: it was distinctly felt to be a kindly silence.

Pamela remarked to Mrs. Tudge, "I sometimes fancy, that somehow Lady Agatha is in pain, and

has made a firm resolution never to complain to anybody. I feel it. And I love her although she has hardly ever spoken to me—*because* she has hardly ever spoken to me I mean. It makes me feel she is *so good*. The rhythm of the ether is a vibration so intense as to be stillness compared with other vibrations, you know, and the nearer we get to the Source of Life the more intense will be our consciousness of silence."

"Rubbish!" said Mrs. Tudge, "You don't know what you are talking about. She's a silly, selfish old cat, and I hate her." Mrs. Tudge's violent prejudices made it difficult for Pamela—for anyone—to converse with her.

"There's a useless life for you," she exclaimed one day at luncheon, pointing at Lady Agatha, and speaking as if she were deaf as well as dumb.

"The heartless rich," was one of her frequent themes, "They ought to sell their jewelry, and give their property to the State, and build almshouses, endow hospitals, and improve the conditions of the working-classes, give them bathrooms,

and rest-rooms and—"

"Form a school of silence and higher thought," suggested Pamela eagerly, "teach them to find the way to health, joy, wisdom, peace and love. I have always clung to the belief that there must be some interior way of finding 'Reality,' some process, simple, piercing, profound, that should have authority for all the world. I believe that by eliminating certain foods and drinks out of our daily regime of diet, we can spiritualize our bodies, and

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enter into a realm of peace, calm, and joy, of which the ordinary person is entirely unconscious."

FOR the moment Pamela had forgotten to whom she was speaking and rushed on enthusiastically with her favorite subject.

"Don't let us make the mistake of complicating their beautiful, simple, lives, let us rather teach the working-classes how to need even less."

Mrs. Tudge stared at her with undisguished contempt.

"No wonder your friends sent you here," she said rudely.

"If you'd listen to me I could teach you. What everyone wants is *money* and *money's worth*, 'more meat, more money, and less men,' that's my motto. The world must be ruled by women and every woman must be free to do as she likes."

"And if she doesn't want to, *make* her," put in Pamela, laughing, "that's what *Punch* would say."

It was a hopeful sign that she laughed, the attendant thought. She had noticed that the patients who laughed most left soonest, and with kindly tact she set the new copy of *Punch* each week on the top of the pile of magazines beside Miss Duffield's chair. There were other comic papers from which Dawson and her fellow maids derived considerable amusement in the servants' hall but having, as she explained, lived exclusively in the best families she knew that a lady like Lady Agatha would tolerate nothing funnier than *Punch* in the drawing-room.

THEY were three stubborn cases, Dawson thought, and Mrs. Tudge was far and away the worst. What was the matter with her was nasty temper, and the doctor knew it and no wonder her husband had gone off to Australia to get out of her way; she hated all recognized customs and all existing laws, and was a public danger—safer under lock and key.

The chief thing the matter with Miss Duffield was that she wanted to be too good, impossibly good. No one in this world or the next had ever been as good as Miss Duffield wanted to be, according to Dawson.

Lady Agatha was a lady and knew how to behave as such. Anyone who had lived with the aristocracy could see that at a glance. And if she was a bit queer at times, well she was old, and it might be left at that. Dr. Palmer thought very highly of her, and enjoyed chatting with her and

discussing books. Lady Agatha was always ordering books and receiving parcels by post, and leaving the contents lying about in the public rooms; Dawson guessed why; but Pamela was not curious: she never opened them.

DR. PALMER had once asked her "Do you read any of Lady Agatha's books?" when she spoke to him about concentration, vibrations, fixed ideas, linking-up, and the value of definitely chosen thoughts arranged in a sort of routine. At the time his remark had seemed irrelevant as did his explanation: "I was thinking of your brother." Later on it suddenly dawned upon her what he meant, and as she turned her eyes in the direction of the book-table a long-drawn "O!" escaped her lips. She could do no more on that occasion than read the titles, her eyes were so full of tears.

Another day she opened one and read a few sentences and the thought of Charles and what he would have wished nearly overpowered her. "Tom Sedley from Charlie Duffield," was written on the title page of one of them, in a school boy's hand. How well Pamela remembered that writing and that friend! How often Charles had spoken to her of Tom and his mother and all their kindness to him, not only in Rome, during his College Beda days, but years afterwards when he was given charge of a Mission in England.

PAMELA had never met the Sedleys never perhaps wanted to till now when they stood for a link with the beloved dead. Perhaps she used secretly to blame them for her brother's extraordinary mistake. It was to the influence of the Sedleys soon after he left school, that his mistake was undoubtedly attributable.

She had always been devoted to Charles he was her own special brother, the nearest to her in age of a large family, and whilst she considered him in the wrong she nevertheless admired his consistency. His life on earth had seemed to her a whimsical, boyish affair, hardly serious, but certainly complete; and she, who was like him in so many ways, knew where the differences lay.

He was unsatisfied, whilst she was dissatisfied. He wondered happily over things that puzzled and distressed her. And sometimes she began to doubt whether after all she was looking in the right direction for the solution of the difficulties that retarded the growth of her soul.

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She knew that he had arrived at a stage where he satisfied others as well as himself whilst she was still desiring to give to others a something which she had not yet received. She did not know that her brother had understood exactly what it was she lacked.

After seeing his name in that book on the drawing-room table she felt it was more necessary than ever to accept the symbols offered to her each evening on the supper-tray. At home she had denied it, refused it, rejected it, but here in Roselands (call it Roselands, as Dr. Palmer did, politely if you like, or simply say placed under restraint, as Mrs. Tudge had no hesitation in doing), here anyhow she clearly saw that her brother's life and death pointed that way.

Before leaving home she had been certain she was right. Now she doubted it. It was not Mrs. Tudge, nothing that she had rudely said had convinced Pamela of anything, and Lady Agatha had hardly spoken a word. Yet it was the silent old lady who had wrought the change—she and her supper. Pamela wanted to share the secret of that sweet radiance that was part of Lady Agatha's old age.

Her two companions appeared to Pamela as the two voices, good and evil. Mrs. Tudge was represented by bovril, Lady Agatha by bread and wine. Pamela's mind was still troubled. She saw it like that. Everything she saw or heard or did, at this particular period of her life, partook of a mystical significance. Various exquisite meanings and perceptions sprang from it in all directions, with the sense of infinite expansion.

Everything presented itself so insistently as a symbol that she had lost all power to estimate or appreciate the thing itself. Yet even as a thing, before she joined the Galsworthy Crusade, bovril had never appealed to her imagination. Nowadays the very sight of it conjured up visions of over-driven cattle, scenes of heartless cruelty at the docks, and unjustifiable animal suffering on board ship.

In one of these pamphlets published by the S. P. C. A. she had once read something about a poor cow with its horn broken, which made her feel so sick with pity and remorse that she never touched meat again.

Translating everything she saw into wider

terms, and interpreting it according to a preconceived idea, and a fixed standard of her own, she said unhesitatingly that Mrs. Tudge's cup of bovril stood for cruelty and pain and death; whilst her own bowl of bread and milk signified simplicity and peace of mind and human kindness. What the other patients had replied the first time Pamela made her angry is not quite suitable for repetition.

MRS. TUDGE suffered from an unusually hasty temper and a drastic mode of speech. Later on, if she were no longer seriously annoyed, "it was" she assured her opponent, "because she had no patience with such fools and considered all Miss Duffield's views on life utterly contempt."

So they sat there day by day, those friendless women, who were not able to make friends; for, as Pamela said to herself, all conversation becomes impossible when one member of the party says nothing, and the other lays down the law about Government, slavery, the position of women, the need for Church reform, etc., etc., and contradicts everything I say about the simple life.

After a while Mrs. Tudge would rise declaring "she was getting chilly," ("getting the worst of the argument," Pamela thought), and hurry off for a brisk walk around the garden. Then Lady Agatha would get chilly too and move indoors to the drawing-room where there was a fire, and Pamela was left on the veranda alone to await the coming of the tray. The bringing of it seemed to her a solemn ceremony with an insistent meaning.

ALL that she had so long and so vehemently denied was now epitomized and symbolized by Lady Agatha's supper. Here was something that insisted on a recognition—the initial point of these high mysteries—something that reproached her, there was no getting away from it deny it as she would it returned unfailingly to bother her night after night. It stood for something belonging to the dark ages.

She shrank from the very thought of what it was, "there is no need," she had protested always vehemently and whilst her heart said Pain is an evil, an unmitigated evil, to be pitied and cured, to try to prevent herself from dwelling on the idea she constantly repeated: "There is no such thing as suffering it is all a mere delusion of mortal mind."

"There is and let them suffer" was the heartless attitude which Mrs. Tudge took up.

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"There is and let us accept it as *the safest way*" was what Lady Agatha had once so bravely, so inspiringly replied.

"Tell me what you believe about suffering?" Pamela had asked her suddenly one day, and without a moment's hesitation, not appearing to be at all surprised, rather as if she were thoroughly familiar with the thought, Lady Agatha answered calmly, "I believe it is the safest way."

"But not the way for me," thought Pamela, I cannot accept it. Something always crops up to prevent me. I simply *can't*. I am held back. If I could only once break free and acknowledge suffering as the safest way as Lady Agatha does—as Charles did—I believe all the rest of my difficulties would fall into position and disappear.

She was not happy. This very uncertainty involved real suffering. Suffering! The very thing from which she shrank, the idea of which she so strongly disapproved. She had gone further than disapproval, she had denied the existence of suffer-

ing as absolutely foreign to the intention of the Creator.

Already she believed everyone possessed all good and there was no need for Grace, no use for pain, yet night after night the sacramental system as an alternative was placed before her, and the attendant's very gold ornament seemed to point the way.

Bread and wine were the admitted symbols of sacrifice. They recalled not only the Priest Melchisedech in the Old Testament, they spoke of submission to authority in the New. They preached obedience even unto the death of the Cross, with the added humiliation of Pilate's judgment hall. Choose! Choose! cried the gold cross hanging from the attendant's neck, each evening as she carried out the tray. You want truth. You are not bound. You are free, and you must use your own free will to choose.

What a fight it was! Poor Pamela! She knew that her enemy was herself. Yet all the time of the struggle she also knew at the back of her mind that if *He* conquered she won.

(To be concluded)

CACH Lent the vast nave of the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris is filled with throngs eager to hear the most popular preacher in France. For years this distinction has fallen to the celebrated Dominican, Pere Janvier. The *London Times* describes this fervent apostle in action.

At 30 he had attained a wide celebrity, though no more for the force and ardour of his eloquence than for the rugged sincerity with which he used to direct his penitents. On Palm Sunday he dealt with "Modesty and Fashionable Amusements."

He begins by condemning the Puritans, the Jansenists, who banished from human existence, which they made "desperate and insupportable, all relaxation, mirth, expansion of the soul." Such restrictions are inevitably followed by terrible reactions of intemperance.

Is life, then, to be given to nothing but amusement? The preacher grows animated, heated, his metallic accents clang as he denounces "those worldlings who pass from drawing-room to drawing-room, from club to club, from banquet to banquet," with no thought in their minds but of frivolity and folly; "useless creatures, scandalous creatures, occasions of wrath, of revolt, of exasperation, a public

outrage to the dignity of the human race;" in periods of majestic violence he castigates the culpable vacuity of their existence, the scandal of their falsehood and libertinage, while his expressive hands, rising and falling with the waves of his indignation, seem to clutch these same worldlings, to clasp and squeeze them, to raise them aloft, and then to hurl them down among the raised, listening faces down into the avenging flames that are the portion promised to the rich who are evil livers.

Having dealt with the men of the world, he turns to the women. A biting irony now sounds in his tone as he lashes the importunate display of feminine fashions. "Miserable creatures!" he cries; "will you be content, in your latter days, to array yourselves in poverty, in ugliness, in decrepitude?"

Then this avenging, inquisitorial vehemence returns to a calm sobriety, serene vigour, and with a melancholy sweetness Pere Janvier concludes, in the words of Job:—

"They take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ.

"They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave."

The Labor Problem

REV. R. A. McGOWAN

IV.—Labor Legislation

HTHE welfare of the working people of the United States is not being secured. To secure it the working people need the help of the national, state and city governments. Government ought to come to the rescue because governments exist, first of all, for the welfare of all the people and the working people form a large, important, and needy section of the people.

Pope Leo XIII. laid down a general principle in regard to government help in his Encyclical "On the Condition of Labor." He said: "Whenever the general interest or any particular class suffers or is threatened with mischief which can in no other way be met or prevented, the public authority must step in and deal with it." And to make the point more explicit he goes on to say that "when there is question of defending the rights of individuals, the poor and helpless have a special claim to consideration." "The richer class," he says, "have many ways of shielding themselves and stand less in need of help from the State, whereas those who are badly off have no resources of their own to fall back upon, and must depend chiefly upon the assistance of the State."

Whenever a law is proposed which will benefit the working people the cry instantly goes up that it is class legislation. There is much hypocrisy in this. A great deal of the opposition arises from those who are not gaining by the legislation and may stand to lose. It depends, indeed, on what class is benefited by the legislation.

DE have always had class legislation and we will continue to have it because people are divided into classes. Legislation helping manufacturers is class legislation. Legislation helping farmers is class legislation. There are many laws helping both classes. Men and women do certain kinds of work. If the general welfare is to be secured the interests of men at work in certain occupations must be cared for, because the welfare of men and their families depends in large part upon the conditions met while at work. Class legislation merely recognizes this fact and acts accordingly.

That the welfare of the people working in industry is not being cared for goes without saying. Unemployment, low wages, unnecessary accidents, industrial diseases—such physical evils are known to exist. The time has come in this country when working people have no longer the laws on free land to rely upon, and millions under the usual run of things will live out their lives without owning the means of their work and livelihood.

The ordinary method employees use to secure a livelihood for themselves and their families is the labor union. It has been a great help to them. But it is a well-known fact that regardless of how much good the labor union has done it has not given to all industrial employees in the United States either the certainty that they will always have work, or a decent livelihood from their work.

HE modern labor union movement dates in this country from the late seventies and eighties. The labor union movement as now known dates from the middle of the eighties. It did not grow much however until about twenty years ago. During the past twenty years it is probable that wages have not gone up when measured by the cost of living. They may have even declined. Now, as then, we have periods of unemployment. The unemployment of 1920-22 is not milder than the unemployment of 1914 or 1907 or 1896. Working people are no surer of keeping their jobs.

So, while the union is needed and while working people hold fast to the union, they know that they need something more. They know that a particular class is suffering and is threatened with mischief. They know that they are that class. And so, though some are half despairing, and though others are deadly indifferent, and though many are still hoping that their unions can provide them with all or nearly all that they need, there is a turn towards asking help from the government.

The Bishops' Program of Social Reconstruction issued by the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic War Council recognized the need of labor legislation, and proposed several laws for the advantage and welfare of the working people.

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This program in its entirety has received warm praise from even non-Catholics.

 HE proposed legal measures of the Bishops' Program are the following:

- A Federal Employment Service
- A National Labor Board
- Public Housing
- Minimum Wage Laws
- Social Insurance Laws
- Safety and Sanitation Laws
- Municipal Clinics
- Vocational Education
- Child Labor Laws

Still other proposals of immediate moment are found in the Bishops' Program, such as the right of the workers to organize, the advantages of higher

than living wages, workers' participation in industrial management, co-operative societies, high excess profits, inheritance and income taxes, copartnership, co-operative production, etc.

But the point here is that certain laws of immediate application are recommended by the Bishops' Program as a part of the course of social reconstruction which we are to run if the labor problem is to be solved. Some are to be passed by cities, others by states, and still others by the Federal Government. They are needed to protect the working people from the wrongs they now suffer.

They are not, however, to be held up as a cure-all. Social legislation is only of partial worth. But its worth is real, and the sufferings of the unemployed and of large numbers of the employed are real, too. The advantages that come from social legislation should not be let slip from us.

Harnessing the Jordan

 HE British Government has granted concessions to Jewish interests allowing water rights in Palestine for purposes of irrigation and electrification. Although sharply opposed by the English press, the promoters have undertaken the preliminary operations. "The stimulus which Palestine industry will derive from the realization of the great irrigation and electrification project," says *The New Palestine*, "will be powerful aid to a large Jewish immigration, the one substantial factor rendering possible the early establishment of the Jewish national home." In Palestine Nature follows her law of compensation and in the lack of ordinary fuel supplies considerable water resources, commonly called "white coal." While the average rainfall equals that of European countries, it occurs mostly in winter. To be practically utilized, therefore, it must be collected and stored. The first step in carrying out the project is the utilization of a part of the fall of the Jordan below Lake Tiberias for the production of electrical energy.

Lake Tiberias is a huge, natural storage reservoir of an area of 170 square kilometers where only a small dam is necessary to make available a quantity of water which with its fall is capable of producing more energy than Palestine at present requires. The Arabs are not enthusiastic over this encroachment of modern industry upon their pastoral life, nor are they convinced that it will enhance their

happiness. Their national paper *El Karmel* objecting to the draining of a swamp near Ceasarea remarks that this area is inhabited by several hundred bedouins who breed cattle there and develop the important industry of plaiting mats and baskets, using the undergrowth for the purpose. The Government claiming to have sanitation as its motive, *El Karmel* rejoins: "our answer is that we have lived for hundreds and thousands of years with the swamp as it is now, and we have the evidence of Lord Northcliffe that we were happier before the war."

Mr. Kamel El-Dajani, president of the Haifa Chamber of Commerce, thus defines the opposition to Zionist plans for colonization: "We people of Palestine harbor no grudge against the Jews. We have no animosity toward our old Palestine fellow-citizens, nor against the righteous Jewish immigrant who comes ready for the earnest work of colonization. But the majority of the Jewish immigrants who have entered the country since the armistice are little intent on quiet, peaceful agricultural activities. All they bring with them is their Socialist outlook upon life. . . . True Bolsheviks of Trotzky's and Lenin's school, they demonstratively parade their disregard and contempt for the religious rites of all confessions represented in Palestine, not least of their own Jewish coreligionists."

Zionism in Palestine

CYPRIEN JOURDIN, C. P.

(Rector of the Passionist Retreat at Bethany)

THE Peace Conference had its abandoned children, the Irish, the Egyptians, the Hindoos, the Catholic populations incorporated in Jugo-Slavia and in Czecho-Slovakia; it had its favored children, the Jews. Of the concessions that were made to the latter, some were quite legitimate; others, such as those which had to do with Zionism, were unworthy and full of peril. Without being in any sense of the term an anti-Semite, it is only necessary to open one's eyes to see that the foundation of a national Jewish home in Palestine, such as now appears in reality and practice, encroaches on the legitimate rights of Catholics of the entire world and creates a new centre of disturbance in the Moslem world.

The two millions of Israelites, who peopled Palestine at the time of the conquest of Jerusalem by Titus, in the year 70 A. D., were scattered little by little throughout the Roman world, whither they went to join the Jews of the dispersion. Strictly speaking, there was not, except for Jerusalem in the time of Hadrian (A. D. 117) and of Omar (A. D. 637), a decree of expulsion. However, the destruction of the Temple, the prohibition to live in Jerusalem after the revolt of the false Messiah, Bar-Kochba, and finally the loss of all political influence, forced the Jews to disperse themselves in great numbers throughout the Roman Empire.

THEY benefited by a gracious toleration, even during the epoch when persecutions raged

against the Christians. Antoninus permitted them to move from place to place, which was rigorously forbidden the others. Caracalla gave them the right to the Roman city, and in spite of the rigor of the law, polygamy was tolerated among them. Even more, from the second century and up to the year 429 A. D., they had a real sovereign, a descendant of Hillel, who bore the title of Ethnarch or Patriarch, who was surrounded by a sumptuous court, and who sent his delegates throughout the world to organize communities with a view of exercising justice and seeing to the religious cults. As far as sovereign rights were concerned, the only right lacking was the power of life and death.

However, their eyes were always turned toward Jerusalem, and one can say that the first tentative Zionist movement took place in A. D. 363 under Julian the Apostate.

This philosophic Emperor found the Jews some of his best allies in the war which he declared on Christianity. He sent for the principal chiefs of the

Israelite nation: "Why," he asked, "do you not offer sacrifices to your God for the safety of the Empire?" And when the Jews replied that they were not permitted to offer sacrifices save in the Temple at Jerusalem, at that time in ruins, the Emperor replied: "That shall not prevent: I will rebuild it."

DIS wish to satisfy the Jews mingled in the Apostate with his desire to give the lie to the words of Christ ("The days will come," said the Savior, "when of this temple which you see, there



THE HOLY CITY OF JERUSALEM

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will not remain one stone upon another." Luke XIX:5:6). Before starting on his expedition into Persia, Julian wrote a long letter to the Jewish community, in which he said: "If I return victorious, I will rebuild your holy city of Jerusalen, I will re-people it, and I will there give thanks with you to the Almighty." The Emperor appointed a director of works, a person of importance, formerly a colonial administrator. Large sums of money were placed at his disposal. This great enterprise was a means of arousing the enthusiasm of the Jewish people.

"The Patriarch of the Jews," says St. John Chrysostom, "offered the great treasures, of which he was the guardian, and the people set to work with all their resources of audacity, initiative and skill." "The circumcized," says St. Ephrem, "were already sounding the trumpet." The work was begun. Frequent earthquakes did not retard or prevent the work. The workmen endured many mishaps from sudden upheavals of the ground and landslides. The fall of a portico crushed a group of laborers. Notwithstanding these disasters, the work continued. Jewish tenacity and Pagan obstinacy continued the war against relentless nature.

"But very soon a more terrible phenomenon occurred," says the historian Pere Allard. "Let us here give the words of the Pagan Ammien Marcellin: 'At the moment,' wrote he, 'when Alypius, aided by the government of the Province, was pushing the work forward, terrible globes of fire burst at frequent intervals around the foundations, made the place inaccessible to the laborers, and even burned some of them.' And as the very elements fought against the continuation of the work, the enterprise had to be abandoned." Thus was the first Zionist attempt thwarted.

"The Jews," says St. Jerome, "promising themselves until the end of time the restoration of the city of Jerusalem, were forced to leave the city like waters which flow toward the two seas. They practiced anew the rite of circumcision, they sacrificed victims, they observed all the precepts of the Jews. It is not the Jews who will become Christians, but the Christians who will be forced to become Jews."

WHEN the last descendants of Hillel died, (A.D. 429), the Zionist hopes were not extinguished, for the Ethnarch had for successor, until the Middle Ages, the Exilarch or chief of the

exiles of Babylon, the real chief of the Jews even in the Roman Empire. Without doubt Judaism suffered from the intrusion of the Emperors at Constantinople in its affairs, but much less than did Christianity.

In the Middle Ages the Jew was often reviled. He held himself or was forced to hold himself aloof. Living and exiled in his Ghettos, one can easily imagine that he cherished the hope of one day securing his revenge. In our days, the Jews, whose numbers seem to have increased to about thirteen millions, enjoy in certain countries a prosperity above the average; in others they are to a great extent kept apart from the natives by custom or tradition. Even in certain nations where he has acquired power in financial and commercial affairs and where he enjoys complete equality before the law, the Jew is still regarded with a disagreeable smile.

Owing to these various attitudes toward the Jew, a Jew born in Budapest in 1860, one Theodore Herzl, created the modern Zionist movement, the object of which was the founding of a Jewish nationality, a political Jewish state, whence the Israelites could compel the esteem of the world. Herzl's idea was a modern state which could be established, if necessary, in another country than Palestine. Herzl wished to solve the Jewish problem. He understood that his co-religionists of the entire world, even where they enjoyed complete political rights with full religious liberty, would never assimilate with the body and soul of the nations where they lived. The Jew would always remain an element refractory to perfect fusion. The ultimate reason which prevents the total blending of the Jewish people with other peoples is the indissoluble union in Judaism of two elements, which everywhere else are found separate, religion and nationality. This is true of the entire history of Judaism.

HE far as concerns religion, this is easily seen; in maintaining that Jewry is also a nationality non Jewish writers have merely witnessed to the voice of Israel itself. "The entire world," said one of the American Jewish delegates to the Peace Conference, Rabbi Stephen Wise, "the entire world. . . . knows that the spirit of Jewish nationality has never ceased since the Romans expropriated the Jews from their national home nineteen centuries ago." Zionism, in the thought of its founder Herzl,

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and his co-workers, was to vindicate before anything else Jewish nationality, one people, one law, one language, one territory. When Herzl proposed, in default of Palestine, of which he could not reasonably dream, to establish a Jewish state in Uganda, the despair of the Zionists, was tragic. Herzl withdrew and died (July, 1904), believing that all his plans had failed and were unrealizable. Nevertheless he left behind him an immense mystic hope in the restoration of Zion. Zionism did not die with him. The Jews did not wait till the end of the World War to point out their claims. From 1917, when the successes of English arms assured the conquest of Palestine, an intervention of Lord Rothschild obtained from the British government a declaration which was as good as a promise. This declaration from Balfour, of which the importance cannot be exaggerated, opened a new era for the Zionists. Here is the declaration:

Foreign Office, 2nd November, 1917.

Dear Lord Rothschild,—

I have the great pleasure of sending you from the Government of His Majesty the following declaration, which has been submitted to the Cabinet and received its approval.

"The government of His Majesty looks favorably upon the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people and will employ all its efforts to facilitate the realization of this project, it being clearly understood that nothing will be done to violate the civil and religious rights of the non-Jewish peoples in Palestine, nor the rights and political conditions which the Jews enjoy in all other countries."

I will be obliged to you if you will bring this declaration to the knowledge of the Zionist federation.

Sincerely yours,
Arthur James Balfour.

WHEN one reads this declaration one understands the enthusiasm which manifested itself at the time of its publication and on the anniversaries of this celebrated promise. What a providential oracle for the Zionists! When the entire world was at war, when the Russian Empire

which had persecuted the Jews, the Empire of the pogroms, was falling to pieces a new Cyrus showed the Jews the way to Holy Zion! Was not this at last the accomplishment of that wish of all the years which they had repeated on Easter night: "next year to Jerusalem!" Was this not a means of bringing them

back there to trace a path amongst so many ruins? The Lord had said: "Fear not, for I am with thee: I will bring thy seed from the east and gather thee from the west. I will say to the north: Give up: and to the south: Keep not back: bring my sons from afar, and my daughters from the ends of the earth." (Isaiah XLIII:5,6.)

All this is mysticism, but mysticism can influence millions of men. All that the Jewish spiritual masters, formerly the only oracles of Judaism, can do is to moderate these explosions of joy and to eradicate all that is provocative and aggressive in these words. The "Jewish World" assures us" that the universal empire promised to the Jews will not exploit the Gentiles for the benefit of one nation. No—the Jews have for their mission the good of the whole world, and it is for that reason that they have a right to empire."



"DOME OF THE ROCK," MAHOMETAN MOSQUE, STANDS ON THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE

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IF the moderate spirits think thus, and if these are carried away by an excess of jubilation which cannot help but disturb them, what must the masses be thinking? A people who have been constantly told that they have been persecuted, mocked and jeered at for centuries by the Christians, who have been accustomed to mix instincts of revenge with zeal for its own interests and its fidelity to its own personal welfare, will these people maintain their balance in the midst of their joy and hope renewed? Must Jewry not passionately hope to humiliate Christianity in its turn, to revenge itself? Noble and lofty souls are not more numerous in Isreal than elsewhere. One perceives the response and the danger, confirmed only too vividly by the present conditions in Palestine.

Since the great offensive of Marshall Foch made the victory of the Allies certain, the Zionists, anticipating the armistice, seized on the declarations of President Wilson to claim the realization of the Balfour promise. The "*Jewish World*" wrote in October, 1918: "The thesis of the Wilsonian peace which dominates more and more the aspirations of people desirous of securing a truce between two massacres, claims the independence of each nation provided that that nation insists on it. Why should not the Jewish nation, if it exists, or if it wishes to exist, have the same privilege as other nations?"

OHE more surely to win possession of the Promised Land, the Zionist Committee of Palestine has laid at Jerusalem on the Mount of Olives the first stone of a Hebrew University. A congress of about two hundred delegates of the Jews of Judea met together in the Holy City with the view of strongly organizing Palestinian Judaism. Many great newspapers of England sent special correspondents. A representative of the British government, Major Ormsby-Core, commemorating the historic declaration of Mr. Balfour, gave it this interpretation: "We are of the opinion that the Jews who voluntarily desire to come to Palestine to live here, may be considered in Palestine as belonging to the Jewish nation, that is to say, as Jews and nothing else. When I shall return to my country, I will report to the British government what the Jews of Palestine have already done to realize their ideal and what work has been accomplished already to secure a national home on a Hebraic basis. I will report that you all, from wherever you may have come, from Russia, from Salonica, from

Bucharest or from Poland, America, or England, are united in Palestine with a common ideal, that of the creation of national centre for the Jews of the whole world."

Thus is clearly advertised the pretension that Israel does not consist solely of a religion or a race, but is a national entity with its members scattered throughout the world, awaiting the return of their territory. Jerusalem must become for them a religious, political and national centre.

This claim of Jewish nationality must have been reiterated in the Jewish congresses held in different countries after the Armistice. The Jews of America above all sided with the Zionist movement.

IN the Congress held in Philadelphia from the 15th. to the 17th. of December, 1918, four hundred delegates, representing the three millions of Jews in the United States, voted a resolution charging the delegates of the Jewish Congress of America to work with the representatives of other organizations and especially with the Universal Zionist Organization, in order that the Peace Conference should recognize the aspirations and the historical claims of the Jewish people relative to Palestine, and declared that it was in accord with the declaration of the British government of the 2nd. of November, 1917, approved by the Allied governments and the President of the United States, that there must be created in Palestine a political, administrative and economic administration fitted to assure, under the protection of Great Britain, the development of Palestine into a Jewish republic; being clearly understood that nothing should be done which would injure the civil and religious rights of the non-Jewish peoples of Palestine, nor the rights and political conditions which the Jews enjoyed in other countries. (*The Jewish World*, 17th. January, 1919, p. 446.)

The sending of a delegation of six members, having at its head the Rabbi Stephen Wise, was a direct consequence of this resolution. This delegation and that of other nations did not content themselves with approaching different politicians. They demanded to be received officially and heard by the Peace Conference itself. They had too many friends therein not to be assured of a friendly reception. The "*Jewish World*" complacently reported in February, 1919, that Judaism was "well enough represented," even strongly represented, at

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the Peace Conference which ruled the fate of Europe.

UNDER these conditions the Zionist claims could not but triumph. Article 95 of the Treaty of Sevres formally recognized them in declaring that it conceded the administration of Palestine to the British Empire under a mandate. The British Empire would be responsible for putting into execution the original declaration made on the 2nd. of November, 1917

by the British government and adopted by the Allied Powers in favor of establishing in Palestine a national home for the Jewish people. It seems that this article definitely settled the Zionist question, although it may well be that the Treaty of Sevres will be revised.

The Zionists did not wait for the Treaty of Sevres to state openly the concessions which would be made them by this treaty, and to interpret the foundation of a national home for the Jewish people in the sense of a Jewish republic. Their ambition was to create a national state at once, where they would hold the upper hand, relegating Christians and Musselmans to the rank of citizens of the second class. The British government seemed incapable of measuring the scope of this audacious dream and ambition. Its method of acting in Palestine tends inevitably to assure to the Jews there a predominant position, so that in a little while they will be masters of the country. Once Jerusalem and Palestine had been captured from Turkish domination, it was a most elementary proposition that the government should be confided to a Christian or a Musselman. One or the other should have had the advantage of representing the large majority

of the indigenous population, composed primarily of Christians and Moslems.

WHAT did the mandatory power do? It gave the post of Governor of Palestine to a Jew, Sir Herbert Samuel. His being a Jew renders him unpopular among the Christians and Musselmans, and has besides the great disadvantage of his not representing a seventh part of the indigenous population of Palestine. The mandatory power had promised in the declaration of Mr. Balfour not to interfere with the civil and religious rights of the non-Jewish population of Palestine! How has England kept that promise? She has subjected this population to an administration nearly exclusively Jewish, instead of making a wide appeal for their collaboration. She has everywhere installed a Jewish supremacy as odious to the Musselman as to the Christian. Since 1919 the control of finances and public employment have been for the greater part in the hands of the Jews. Besides, the Zionist administration was known as the official collaborator of the English administration



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

in settling all the economic, social and other questions affecting the establishment of the national Jewish home and the interests of the Jewish population in Palestine, distribution of lands, contracts for public works, etc. Considerable sums have been pledged by the Zionist Jews of all countries for the enterprise of restoring the "national Jewish home in Palestine. "The Jews secured possession of great tracts of land in all sections of Palestine. The Arab peasants, it is true, are attached to the soil, but as a certain number of them had debts, they allowed themselves to be tempted by seductive offers, made by Jewish committees in command of enormous financial resources.

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CERTAIN citizens in the cities who had acquired land with a view to speculation easily sold these when the Jews put a good price on them. The land once sold never returns to the Christian or Musselman as the only legal proprietor is the Jewish committee which never gives it up save to its co-religionists. Trade falls every day more and more into the hands of the Jews, whose commercial aptitude is proverbial, and who make considerable use of loans from the Jewish banks at the rate of three per cent, while the non-Jew must pay as high as ten or twelve per cent. Such are a few of the unhappy manifestations from the economic point of view of the Zionist expansion in Palestine.

This manifest partiality on the part of the British government toward the Zionists, and all that vast financial organization put at the service of Jewish religious enthusiasm and exalted nationalism, have exasperated the Christians as well as the Moslems in Palestine. Not being able to secure recognition of their rights from the mandatory power, and on the other hand not being able to make headway against Jewish finance, they retaliated by violence. There can be nothing more odious to a follower of Mahomet than to have laws made for him by a Jew. Between Islam and Isreal there is an abyss. Palestine has been the meeting place, as it were, of the religious creeds of nearly the entire world; and this fact, combined with the fact that since the Crusades, it has been the possession of Islam, makes the constitution of a Jewish state there among the impossibilities of the present hour.

The result is, notwithstanding the influence of England, that the reaction against the Jew has assumed violent proportions in Palestine, which is peopled by a large majority of Musselmans who are all exasperated by the encroachment of Jewish colonization. In their eyes Zionism exemplifies Jewish supremacy and their own subjection to a race cursed by Allah a hundred times in the Koran. This is the real reason for the bloody brawls which took place between Jews and Musselmans at Jerusalem in 1920 and 1921. At Caiffa, and above all at Jaffa, sooner or later the world of Islam will not fail to take the part of its Palestinian brothers placed under the yoke of the "Yahond-Guorond" (monkey-Jews), as the natives of Palestine call them.

In the allocution which he delivered in the secret Consistory of May 10th., 1919, when the

status of Palestine was not yet fixed, His Holiness Benedict XV, thinking of the future of Palestine, spoke in these moving terms: "We are asking ourselves with greatest anxiety what decision will be taken about Palestine in a few days time by the Peace Conference being held at Paris. It will surely be a cruel blow to Us and to all the faithful if a privileged position is given to unbelievers in Palestine, and our sorrow will be deep if those to whom the great religious monuments are delivered are not Christians."

The diplomats at the Peace Conference, forced to take notice of the delegates of some few millions of Jews, closed their ears that they might not hear the words of the common Father of hundreds of millions of Catholics.

THE actual developments in Palestine proved that the fears of the Sovereign Pontiff were not chimerical. Benedict XV. renewed his protests with a force which should have aroused from their apathy and awakened the consciences of Catholics to the gravity of the perilous situation.

"It clearly appears," said the Holy Father, "that the condition" of the Christians in the Holy Land has not only not been ameliorated, but has become even worse than it was before because of newly made laws and political institutions. Without discussing the intentions of the authors of these laws, in actual fact they tend to empower Jews to displace the name of Christian from places which have always been known as Christian. We find many people actively employed in secularizing the holy places and transforming them for worldly usage, importing there all sorts of attractions which simply make for voluptuousness, which are condemnable in any case, and above all in that land which contains the great monuments of our religion." It is easy to illustrate this allocution of the Sovereign Pontiff by actual facts, the publication of which was forbidden in Palestine by the British government. Instead of exaggerating, as certain Zionist journalists tried to suggest, the Holy Father did not even reveal the whole truth in the matter.

HERE is now the time when one encountered in the streets of Jerusalem only the caravans of pious pilgrims of all nations, of all languages and of all religious confessions, pressing forward to venerate the Cross, the sign of our

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redemption, in the very locality where it was first erected?

Where is now the time when immorality did not dare publicly to proclaim itself in the holy city of Jerusalem, and when certain houses, whose titles I shall not name were unknown therein?

Today what does one find at Jerusalem under the new Zionist Jewish republic? Moving picture shows which re-produce the most immoral films of London, Paris or New York, and dancing parties face to face with Calvary. This very year the government authorized a costume ball on Holy Saturday; when the clergy protested, the ball was not forbidden but simply postponed till Easter Sunday.

The Cross, the venerable sign of our redemption, but an object of horror to the Jews, is daily insulted by them with hate as well as ridicule.

One sees in the more frequented streets of Jerusalem, students of the Jewish schools covering their eyes with their hands and spitting on the ground when certain Religious pass by with the cross on their breast to emphasize the disgust which is inspired by their sight of the Cross. Often too the sight of a priest or of a Religious is an occasion for showing their hatred of the Cross. They make the sign of the Cross with their fingers and then spit on it. Yet these are but a few of the pleasant things which Zionism reserves for Catholics in the future!

FADED with these facts Benedict XV. did not cease to press his cry of alarm. Since the British mandate, under the protection of which these things occur, had not yet received the official approbation of the League of Nations, the Holy Father appealed solemnly to the heads of all the governments: "Since," he said, "the affairs of Palestine are not yet definitely regulated, we proclaim our wish that, since the time has arrived to fix the status of Palestine, that the rights of the Catholic Church and those of all Christians should be safeguarded in their integrity. Certainly our intention is not to take any rights away from the Jews, but we maintain that these must not in any way prevail over the sacred rights of Christians. And we ask emphatically of all the governments of

Catholic peoples, and also non-Catholic, to intervene, with that distinction, as powerfully as possible with the League of Nations regarding those rights, of which the British mandate must take account."

Many great spirits have followed with sympathy the Zionist movement, in the hope that it might prove at last a solution of the Jewish problem, that is to say, that it would give a country to "all the poor devils of Judaism," to all the Jewish elements not assimilated in Roumania, Russia, and the Ukraine, which number around six or seven millions. This is pure delusion: Palestine can never, even under the best government possible, contain and feed more than two million inhabitants.

HERE then is the history of the Jewish people during twenty centuries, since they suffered the blood of the Messiah, the Son of God and the Son of David, to fall upon them and their children. "Their entire existence, wrote Lamennais, "has been nothing but a long prodigy; a new miracle, yet always the same, a universal, perpetual miracle, manifesting to the last day the inexorable justice and the holiness of a God whom this people dares to deny. Without any apparent principle of life, they have lived; nothing has been able to destroy them, neither captivity, nor the sword; isolated in the midst of nations who repudiated them, they found no place of repose. A seemingly invincible power pressed them on, agitated them, and would not let them rest anywhere. They carry in their hands a torch which lights the entire world, and themselves remain in darkness. They await that which has already come; they read their prophets and do not understand them; their sentence, written on each page of the books which they were ordered to cherish, brings them joy; like those great criminals of whom antiquity writes, they have lost their intelligence; crime has troubled their reason. Everywhere oppressed, they are yet everywhere. Every nation has seen them pass; all have been seized with horror at their aspect; they were marked with a sign more terrible than that of Cain: on their foreheads a hand of iron had written: 'Deicides!'"

Current Fact and Comment

VACATION TIME

WHILE the purpose of a vacation may be relaxation and recuperation, very frequently that purpose is thwarted with serious physical and spiritual setbacks. Without much exaggeration it has been said that no man needs a vacation more than he who just had one. Those who wisely plan their holidays will not fail to count on spiritual safeguards. If these are necessary in the momentum of ordinary life, much more are they for the distractions and temptations of those rampant days.

Vacation from *vacare*, "to be free," does not imply relaxation of moral restraints or a temporary departure from the sphere of God's presence. Your vacation should not produce a harvest of regrets. Let there be no dishonest excuse for having missed Mass. The gay round should not exclude a visit to the chapel and the Faithful Friend, and through prayer actual graces should be solicited and the faculties preserved from utter saturation with material things.

A WIFE'S OBEDIENCE

EMINISM having succeeded in placing woman on a plane of equality with man and in the consequent invasion of man's positions and privileges, the word "obey" seemed idle and obsolete for the woman in the Episcopal form of marriage. There is question of deleting it. This word does not appear in the Catholic form of marriage. Nevertheless the Church stands for the spirit of it and claims that it represents the proper attitude for the woman in married life. She could not do otherwise in view of St. Paul's direction: "Wives, be subject to your husbands." This precept is based on the very nature of things. While the distinctive qualifications and ineffable dignities of the wife are recognized, it is presumed that in the

family, as in any organization, there can be no equal division of authority without failure and discord. In the well-regulated family, affairs will shape themselves as the Apostle prescribes. The authority vested in the husband is not designed to give him personal advantages but, as with all authority, implies compensating responsibilities and burdens. This authority must be exercised with firmness and circumspection with the temporal and eternal interests of the family ever in view. The wise young woman will assure herself that her prospective spouse measures up to these ideals. Only those who marry to be pampered will object to the subordination which the Apostle ordains.

WANTED—GROWN-UP SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS

THE movement to impart religious instruction after school hours to Protestant children attending the public schools was not undertaken without a numerous corps of volunteers ready to impart that instruction. These came trained from that wonderfully elaborate system—the Protestant Sunday School. Compared with this as to system and efficiency the Catholic Sunday School might not merit commendation. This may be due to our great complacency in and reliance on our parochial schools. During that scant hour of catechism on Sunday mornings, when alone it seems practical to assemble the children, the pastor is frequently otherwise engaged and must leave the instruction to others. These are usually too young or incom-

petent to do more than "hear" the lesson. Why do not our men and women emulate the zeal of earnest Protestants in this matter? Our children, both those in rural districts and those whom some parents insist on sending to public schools, must get their religious instruction in that brief period. Think of the consequences of superficiality or of neglecting means to interest and impress? We suggest that there are many with bent and talent for this important work who would be surprised by the interest and satisfaction they would derive from it. You are not normal if you do not like to come in contact with children and do something to earn their appreciation. If you want to make your pastor happy go to him and volunteer to teach in the Sunday school.

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RADIOING RELIGION

HUNDREDS of little ears listen nightly to bedtime stories radioed from the Sandman or the Man in the Moon. The assumed names of these story-tellers are a clue to the themes with which they entertain the credulous children. Occasionally thrusts are made at unkindness and disobedience, but it seems to be considered wise policy not to introduce supernatural motives. May we not hope that Catholic enterprise will arrange through this popular instrument to reach our children with messages of instruction and edification supplementing the catechism or drawn from the old and new Testaments and from the lives of the Saints? When the natural motives prevail in the ethical training of children wierd results follow. "Willie, I am glad to hear you say that you would like to be an angel. What would you do if you were one?" "I'd fly up to the top of that cottonwood tree in our yard and take my kite out of it." The teacher was showing her class a copy of "The Angelus" and wanted to know what the man and woman were doing. After much suggestive questioning a hand

finally went up. "I know, teacher," said its owner. "Well, Johnny, what are they doing?" "Lookin' for potato-bugs, teacher," replied Johnny triumphantly.

How extensive may be the use of the radio for religious purposes may be deduced from an appeal from the mountains of Eastern Kentucky. "We are a farming people but far away from railroads or other good roads that would give us access to outside communication. Most of our lands are hills and rough at that. We have reasonably good schools and a good community house, but no churches. Once in a while a minister visits our locality and delivers a sermon, but this does not happen more than three or four times a year. Our people are interested in sacred worship, and when an opportunity offers they flock in to take part, but we are not able to employ a regular minister. I have taken the matter up with them of installing a radiophone in our community house, that we may meet often and hear the Word of God as it is delivered by some able minister in some other part of the country, and they are very enthusiastic about it."

"THE WOLF SHALL LIE DOWN WITH THE LAMB"

HLONG the astonishing attempts at accomplishing church union is the plan of five Anglican and five Presbyterian clergymen to receive a twofold set of orders embracing both their churches. They claim that they take this step with the understanding that it does not imply a repudiation of their own ministry.

Circumstances have made Anglican belief and practice quite familiar to us. Your Anglican friend would assure you that nothing essential in faith separates you from him. A numerous body of them admit everything for you except the supremacy of the Pope. But what is Presbyterianism with which some Anglicans entertain the thought of union?

Presbyterianism gets its name from its system of church government which is by representative assemblies as opposed to a hierarchy of bishops. These assemblies are called presbyteries. Ordination produces the teaching elder as distinct from the lay elder and church authority is vested in an assembly of both. Its creed is founded on Calvan-

ism, specifically on the Westminster Confession, with its hopeless view of predestination, the complete depravity of all the race and the claim that there are those unchosen who do not share in the Atonement. Lately these tenets have been modified. The founders insisted on the union of Church and State and the duty of civil authorities to suppress heresy. Baptism is esteemed as prescribed by Christ but not as a necessary means of salvation. Christ is not substantially present in the Lord's Supper but only by effect for believers. The service is rigidly simple; there is no liturgy; in some churches instrumental music is barred; the sermon is the feature of the gathering, the minister generally appearing in lay attire.

Fancy Anglicanism compromising with all that —Anglicanism with its mass and sacraments, its vestments and statues, its reverence for an annointed hierarchy, its full trust reposed in the boundless merits of the Savior! Fancy Anglicans accepting their ministry at the hands of a Presbyterian elder!

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SANE PROHIBITION

TEMPERANCE advocates in Ireland have met and formally petitioned the officials of the provisional Government for an effective regulation of the liquor traffic. These advocates probably have sufficient reasons for their concern. Experience proves that no class of legislation requires greater sagacity in the lawmakers than prohibition. And herein is afforded a clear opportunity to prove the contention that Ireland possesses the wisdom and acumen requisite for self-government. Furthermore her lawmakers have an immense advantage in the object-lesson of prohibition as applied in this country.

From this source they can learn first of all to be fair in the enactment itself, leaving no occasion for opponents to claim that fanaticism employed selfish motives or exploited the nation's temporary exigencies. Again, let the law be so plain and comprehensive that it will not require a long train of supplementary legislation to render it effective. With us, the original law, the Eighteenth Amendment, is

directed against the use of intoxicating liquors as beverages alone. The enforcing legislation presumes to include beverages that are really not intoxicating.

The Rev. John Cole McKim declares in the *North American Review*: "It is certain that the digestive organs of the normal adult could not accommodate a fluid containing one half of one per cent of alcohol in sufficient quantities to inebriate him. A common sense definition of an intoxicating beverage would seem to be that of a fluid which would probably inebriate the average adult if taken in normal beverage quantities." Our enforcing legislation further presumes to dictate as to who may use wines or liquors for sacramental or medical (non-beverage) purposes and in what quantities. And the courts have declared these usurpations legal and binding. Further, the wise legislator will not rely upon high taxation alone. It is a futile subterfuge. While it discourages the multiplication of saloons, it opens a profitable field proportionately for the reckless bootlegger.

THE MELTING-POT

THE result of the recent elections in a number of cities seemed portentous to a certain weekly journal of sociology and it invited replies to the queery: What is the matter with America? It was stated that immigration was overthrowing the traditions of the Pilgrim Fathers, the social structure of the Puritans and the heretofore dominant Anglo-Saxon culture. It was observed that in almost all the older American cities political power is passing into the hands of immigrants or the children of immigrants who are partly assimilated economically or who socially have remained alien or have become nondescript half-breeds. They use their power in a manner extremely distasteful to Americans of the older stock. These implications are the result of irritation and distorted vision.

True, the passing of the old order is matter for regret. There was a distinctive American ideal developed in social and political life and this development is charmingly recorded in a distinctively American literature. If this ideal is vanishing, the later immigrant is no more to be blamed for

that than the Anglo-Saxon, as such, can be credited for what was good in it. Conditions favored the simple life and moderate prosperity paved the way for culture and leisurely occupations. But the discovery and rapid development of the country's rich resources quickly involved both native and immigrant in a very disturbing turmoil. The immigrant with his fine domestic traditions and centuries of culture behind him was involved along with the native in the material deterioration. Before coming in contact with the immigrant the Yankee moving west in search of oil and gold soon shed the gentle manners of the New England town.

Over the same period there has been a similar decline in culture in the mother-country of the Anglo-Saxons due also to great industrial changes. The immigrant does not become a "new" and peculiar American nor has he wrought a change in America. Rather has the New America changed and absorbed him. The late war was a supreme test and the general revelation of loyalty proved that assimilation is progressing satisfactorily.

A Mystery Chapel In Rome

REV. GABRIEL DEMEY, C. P.

PART III.

THE Faithful Custodian of that wonderful spot caught the subdued remark of the pilgrim priest, "that name, the Sancta Sanctorum, is so evidently appropriate; so splendidly true," and promptly went on saying, "Yes, it is both. However, there is another reason why this oratory received that extraordinary name of the Sancta Sanctorum. It might well be considered an enlarged reliquary or even itself is worthy to be regarded as a relic because of its dignity, antiquity and associations. The steps which lead up to it, the Scala Sancta or Holy Stairs are one of the most highly prized of Christian relics for they are the steps which led up to the Palace of Pontius Pilate in Jerusalem, were travelled by Our Blessed Lord and were even stained with His bloody

foot-prints and that is the reason why none is permitted to ascend them except on prayerful knees; and other steps are beside them for descent and for common use."

It is well known that the laws of the Church for the safekeeping of holy relics are very strict. She was taught by bitter experience from unscrupulous thieves and wicked imposters to be very alert

and therefore the more precious of the relics in the Sancta Sanctorum are not open to hand or eye. They are hidden away and securely, jealously protected. This was not always so. Originally they were displayed to full view and open veneration. They were thus up to the eighth century.



MASSIVE GOLD, RICHLY JEWELLED RELIQUARY OF THE SANCTA SANCTORUM

BUT Leo III changed that arrangement; he put them securely away from hands and from eyes that were not altogether controlled by reverence. He ordered a very large and strong relic case to be made of cypress wood—a strong box indeed—and this he not only fortified but ornamented richly within and without. Inside it was carefully partitioned and delicately lined, and into these spaces the more valuable of those precious treasures were carefully placed,

each in the compartment made for it, each with its own letters of identification for any future need and an accurate and detailed catalogue of the contents of the superb and secure reliquary was taken and kept in the archives of the church. That box was locked after the manner of locking in the middle ages.

But that was not enough to satisfy the mind of the Pontiff. That strong, spacious and elaborate

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container — that primitive safe was made part of a very wonderful if primitive safe-deposit vault. The locked box was firmly fixed into the altar directly under the table of it there in the chapel, and that in such a manner as to become actually a part of the altar itself.

"Now," added our clerical guide, "note well that it was this strong cypress relic box that was first named by that pope the Sancta Sanctorum, and this in the course of time gave its name to the chapel." The original title of the edifice was the "Pontifical Basilica of St. Lawrence, the Martyr."

HE watchful spirit of Leo III. carried precaution for these prized possessions even further. The aperture beneath the altar into which the Sancta Sanctorum was fixed he closed by a bronze door and not one but two of these heavy doors sealed it, the one closing on the other and so the Sancta Sanctorum of Leo III. anticipated the modern safe. (It is, in fact, the model after which the safe was later made.) Each of the two doors was locked with a separate key and each key was entrusted to the care of a separate authority so that neither could have access to that mine of supernatural wealth without the other, nor could either custodian in any way make use of his key without the written authority obtained each time from the Holy Father.

But the climax of determined exclusiveness and security was added when a staunch grating of hand-wrought ornamental iron was fixed across the front of the altar-safe and thus all approach to the



PRECIOUS RELIC OF THE HOLY CROSS IN THE SANCTA SANCTORUM



reliquary was made ordinarily impossible.

OE listened to these details after our imaginations had been raised to a high plane, and from this interior viewpoint the chapel itself became highly suggestive of a diminutive fortress by its strong walls, its somber light from one window and its main entrance kept closed by heavy bronze doors. We had entered from the adjoining monastery through the narrowest of dark passageways.

The impression was heightened when we noticed that every approach from without was barred. On either side of the bronze doors or main entrance there is a small, square, windowlike opening through which alone the outside world may merely look within, but those apertures are evidently an afterthought and were in fact cut through by order of Nicholas III. Both of these are barred exactly in the same manner as the Sancta Sanctorum, there under the altar. The combination is impressive in a way which cannot be better described than by calling it weird.

For over five hundred years outsiders have been thus kept out. True it is that from the eighth to the sixteenth century the chapel still served its original purpose as the domestic oratory of the popes and the treasures of the Sancta Sanctorum were seasonably exposed to the veneration of the faithful. But since the spoliation of Rome, in the early part of that century that treasure trove has remained hidden; even the interior of this holy spot was excluded from view, except for the glimpses of it which might be had by looking through those apertures, barred and forbidding, on either side of

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the closed entrance. There have been now over five hundred years of this isolation and silence and that in the midst of frank and wide open Rome.

IT all became very mysterious. Generations came there and brought with them patches and snatches of the wonderful stories which that morning we had listened to in their accurate detail; with their patches and their snatches they had stood and stared through those openings into that somber light, that emptiness and that age old silence of the chapel; and they passed on and they carried with them their own impressions and versions of all this mystery to tell the next generation which would come and look through the same barred openings into the same vacancy and into the same stillness and turn away with mystery more mystified.

All this, as can easily be seen—the bars and the silence and the absence of all life and the fragments of fact, glorious but fading more and more into the mists of long-gone time,—began to play upon the curiosity of the people and stimulate the imaginations of the ignorant so that they filled with their fancy what was wanting to them of fact, till history became fable and wild fantasy was the greatest fact connected with the Sancta Sanctorum in the general mind of the Roman people. They concealed behind those locks and bars every form of supernal power and personality.

The notion which had most commonly taken possession of the minds of the people was that the prophets Moses and Elias were there and they alone would, because they alone could, break the bars before them and open the bronze doors of the Sancta Sanctorum. These could and they would, but then—Ah! That would be the end of the world! The Sancta Sanctorum would never be opened till the day of judgment!

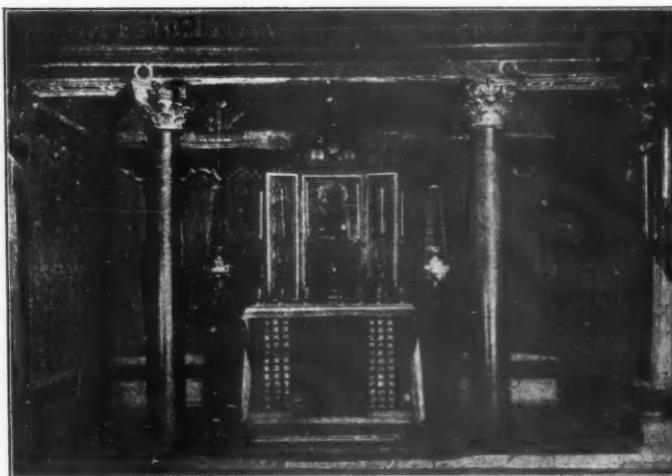
HE people came and the fancies came and the people and the fan-

cies passed away as such things pass. But the tiny temple remained through all the restless changes of the last five hundred years. Silent, still, unchanged it stood in the rich possession of itself, a majestic creature, indeed, suggesting the very majesty of the changeless, silent and selfsatisfied God.

None the less human than the simplest child of the street, even the scholar is susceptible to the powers of the imagination and so the aloofness of this holy sanctuary began to play upon the curiosity of some of the learned men and to challenge their credulity. More than once during these years has an iconoclastic savant sought, legitimately, indeed, to penetrate the mysteries of this imposing little basilica.

But Rome, thank God, respects tradition as in every other direction she moves very cautiously; the pope of today follows the same path as the pope of ten years ago; and he followed the paths of his predecessors and so one by one the curious and irreverent and aggressive and irritated scholars went up to the Vatican and down to their books more irritated still, and the Sancta Sanctorum remained as before silent, undisturbed.

IN 1870 the Venerable and Persecuted Pope Pius IX. came in his sorrow and made an humble pilgrimage to the Scala Sancta to plead with the Suffering Lord Jesus to comfort His Suffering Spouse, the Church. After he had performed the devotions in the usual manner, ascending the Holy Stairs on his knees, he celebrated Mass in the ancient papal chapel of his predecessors and made up his mind afterward to open the Holy of Holies. But when he approached the labor he suddenly changed his mind, turned away and said, "No, it is not the Will of God." So the hidden treasure remained untouched and there was more food for mystery. The pope went off



THE PAPAL ALTAR OF THE SANCTA SANCTORUM

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and never returned and so the proud little part of a one time pompous palace saw that pope pass as had passed the popes preceding and went back again to its emptiness, its silence.

In spite of the fact that irreverent and ruthless science was using its battering-ram on every closed door during the years of Leo XIII. the brazen doors of the Sancta Sanctorum remained closed. This pope opened up wide, one after another of the concealed avenues of history; he even threw the doors of the Vatican Library open to the public and invited all students to enter, and the supercilious came with a rush as far as the doors.

There they halted because truth was within and so the Vatican Library is not very popular. Seeing these doors, opening one after another at the touch of the great master of learning the scholars asked this pope to open the doors of the Sancta Sanctorum and permit them to delve into its mysteries.

GHEY brought to him an array of arguments and inducements that it was possible profane hands had fallen upon the treasures during the historical sacking of Rome years before; they reasoned that the light fingered experts of which the world was full had possibly broken into the cypress box of his namesake Leo III. and profaned the sacred contents. But the broadminded Leo to whom they were talking seemed to be deaf.

The great scholar and archeologist, Commendatori di Rossi, who was most highly esteemed at the Vatican, wanted to study one of the mosaics of the Mystery Chapel, a very simple favor for so great a man to ask, but he had the greatest difficulty obtaining the permission from Pope Leo XIII.

A priest was making archeological studies in the subteraneous department of the Sancta Sanctorum and found a piece of wood, under or very nearly under the altar of the Holy Chapel and he hastened to bring this "marvelous discovery" to the same pontiff as proof incontestable that the Sancta Sanctorum had been tampered with and should be immediately opened and examined.

However the Head of the Church did not seem to be moved or in any way able to see anything "marvellous" in the finding of a piece of wood under or below an altar and so he answered these pleas very calmly by saying "Everything is granted to you except what you ask." And the bookman went as other bookmen had gone before, quite perturbed, but the little chapel remained as silent and as empty as before.

The Golden Rose

FRANCIS KEAN MACMURROUGH

Who or what has the Golden Rose—

Especial gift of the Pope—

Is a holy person or close,

Holy with unwonted scope.

King or one of royal degree

May treasure this leafed ore,

But must be of high sanctity,

Deep versed in sacred lore.

Four Golden Roses now adorn

The Sancta Sanctorum Crypt—

Resplendent on the altar stone

Where the rich wine Blood has dript,

There Pope alone in Mystic rite,

From immemorial years,

Has called to earth the Lord of Light,

With holy prayers and tears.

According to all recognized traditional authorities St. Agnes was beheaded, at the age of about 12 or 13 years. This Jesuit, however, had discovered that there was a very reputable Greek authority who contended that the saint was a woman of mature years; that this was very evident from her zeal for the faith which would be ordinarily impossible in a mere child; more than that this same authority stated that the saint was not beheaded, but that she was burned to death.

GHE Jesuit took the precious document; pocketed it; trudged off to the Passionist monastery

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smiling, confident with his powerful passport and convinced, quite convinced that every door would open wide before him—even the stubborn and bolted bronze doors of the Sancta Sanctorum would swing loose at the power which he held in his pocket. Now he would convince the Greek and all the world that St. Agnes was surely not more than 12 years of age. He knocked with authority on the door of the humble monastery and asked to see the Custodian. He met the Passionist. Very shortly after the two priests met the Jesuit left the monastery; but he left as usual quite convinced—No, not of anything new about St. Agnes but convinced that Cardinal Satolli was right and strongly convinced that he would rather meet again the prelate or the pope than the Passionist. And the ancient chapel still stood silent.

But has the hidden treasury never been opened even to this day? Does the same obstinate, sphinx-like silence hang over that beautiful but ever empty chapel? Must the stout grating still stand before that altar to spoil the view of an exquisite piece of art and arouse more mystery still before the eyes of coming generations? There are three separate lists of the contents of the Sancta Sanctorum there in Rome; to read them is to become dazed at their number and extraordinary character, and incidentally to acquire a prurient curiosity to know more; to experience an impulse to break through the vague, the uncertain, the doubt and the mystery and to kill all wild and foolish stories at a stroke. But that is a very reasonable impulse and aim. Why then can it not be done? Why should that gigantic and mysterious relic case not be opened?

THAT has been opened! That opening has been declared by the highest scientific authorities to be the greatest "find" in modern times. The illustrious archeologist, Rev. P. Grisar, was commissioned to carry out this important work and associated with him were three other conscientious scholars. The authorization was given and the commission appointed by the pope of saintly memory, Pius X. in May 1905. These four commissioners assisted by the Passionist Fathers, immediately proceeded to their labor and their discoveries thrilled the world. The official news was immediately published broad-cast by Father Griser through the columns of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and immediately the wires began to flash congratulations upon this scientist.

But for us it was not so important to know the warmth of these congratulations as to learn the character of the discoveries. The contents of the cypress box made by Leo III. were carefully examined and box and contents were found to be in perfect preservation; they were compared with the astounding items mentioned in the official catalogues and verified. It was, indeed, a triumphant day for our Holy Mother the Church!

IN the first article published in the *Civiltà Cattolica* by the Eminent discoverer he says, "I shall never forget the impression made on us as our eyes fell on that collection, an impression which increased at every instant as one by one precious reliquaries of gold and of silver, of bronzes and of precious woods appeared. Those little caskets shining in their native brilliancy! Those gorgeous colorings and artistic designs of the ancient treasures! But when we drew them forth from beneath the altar's dim light we were lifted up to a higher world, transported beyond ourselves! We remembered that these were the holy objects which have been for more than nineteen hundred years deeply loved and sacredly guarded by succeeding popes and venerated by numerous generations of the Roman people and by the countless multitudes of pilgrims who in the past have come from every part of the world to offer there their homage and on these blessed relics to feast their devotion. What memory! What emotion! I would not express in writing the feelings of that first day except to say with all sincerity they were those of complete ravishment!"

AND that is a fact which has been experienced and a truth which has been declared here long, long ago. It is written there large in letters of gold. The altar there in that recess is flanked by two pillars of priceless porphyry which support the span and in the architrave are the words "NON EST IN TOTO SANCTIOR ORBI LOCUS" Put into English those Latin words of the Great Sixtus V mean. "THERE IS IN ALL THE WORLD NO HOLIER PLACE." The little basilica is the Sancta Sanctorum, the Holy of Holies.

One of the lowly travellers here quietly remarked as in reverie, "That name, the Sancta Sanctorum, is so evidently appropriate; so splendidly true."

Saints and Sinners

LUIS COLOMA, S. J.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS:

Curra, Countess of Albornoz, wife of the Marquis of Villamelon, is an intriguing woman of society in Madrid. She habitually neglects her son Luis and her daughter Lili, as well as her husband, and involves herself in various political and personal intrigues of a disreputable character. She forces her confidant, John Velarde, to fight an unnecessary duel to defend her "honor," and the man is killed in so doing.

The scene then shifts to Paris, where Spanish refugees are gathering after the Revolution in Spain which has overthrown the Italian "usurper" to the Spanish throne, Amadeo, and established a Republic.

Jacob Tellez, a cousin of Curra, and husband of Elvira, Marchioness of Sabadell, whom he has basely deserted, himself a libertine and politician of the worst type, ex-Ambassador to Constantinople, from which city he had been forced to flee after a vulgar intrigue with the Cadi's wife, arrives in Paris.

Jacob has been entrusted with important Masonic documents by Victor Emmanuel of Italy to carry to his nephew Amadeo in Spain. In desperate want of money, Jacob steals the documents, which place in his hands valuable weapons with which to attack and blackmail certain Spanish politicians. By chance "Uncle" Frasquito, a Spanish nobleman, finds the Masonic seals attached to these documents in Jacob's room. Jacob rashly gives the seals to Frasquito to add to his collection of these oddities.

Jacob finally decides that his best plan to secure ready money is to be reconciled to his wife, who has recently won a lawsuit and a considerable fortune. He has in the meantime attracted the favorable attention of Curra, who wishes him to take the place of her late confidant, Velarde.

Jacob interviews Father Cifuentes, S.J., his wife's friend and confessor, and seeks to persuade him to help him in his reconciliation with Elvira. But Father Cifuentes, and Diogenes, a dissipated nobleman, but loyal to his friends, by letters warn the Marchioness of Villasis, with whom Jacob's wife is staying at Biarritz, of Jacob's hypocritical plans. Jacob starts for Biarritz, thinking that Father Cifuentes is really on his side.

The Marchioness of Villasis persuades Jacob's wife to leave Biarritz before his arrival, and seek refuge at Lourdes. She plans to see Jacob herself and discover what his real intentions are, and if he is insincere, thwart his plans. Elvira has left with her certain important papers to use during the coming interview, and has notified Jacob that the Marchioness has full power to settle all the questions involved with him. Jacob arrives at the Marchioness's villa, and is announced. The latter prepares to meet him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HE reader must realize that this interview with the Marchioness was a very important one for Jacob. He had been entrusted with important papers by Victor Emmanuel of Italy to carry to his royal son in Spain, in the hope of bolstering Amadeo's vacillating throne; papers which had been in the hands of the Freemasons of Italy, and which they now intended to use to support Masonic influences in Spain, by completely foiling certain politicians who were opposed to the revolutionary influences of the lodges.

The Marquis of Sabadell, ruined, had arrived in Milan from Constantinople, and presented himself at the lodge in which Garibaldi had initiated him years before. The Venerables welcomed him as an envoy from the Great Architect, and presented him to Victor Emmanuel as a man who could carry the necessary documents to Spain, and thus give to King Amadeo's policy the direction desired by Italy.

BUT Sabadell arrived too late, as the reader has already seen; and the fall of King Amadeo had destroyed all the fine prospects which Jacob had woven in Paris. He thus found himself alone and ruined once more, and necessity had caused him to try to use the documents for his own purposes with the resulting complications and dangers which we have already described.

His original idea had been to hand the documents to the Alfonsists or Carlists, according to whether the former or the latter seemed more assured of victory. At the same time, it was absolutely necessary to throw the Masons, whom he had so grossly deceived, off his track; to accomplish which, Jacob had evolved the idea of a reconciliation with his wife, and of secluding himself by her side for a year, living peacefully upon her income, and using it as a means of ridding himself of his debts.

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IS reconciliation with his wife was therefore the key to the castle in Spain, which he had built, and which he was determined to insert in the coming interview. He accordingly entered the room, serene and smiling, with the air of a friend who advances to meet another. Upon seeing him enter, the Marchioness greeted him warmly, saying affectionately:

"Well, Jacob! And how are you? I see that you look the same as when we met five years ago in Brussels: do you remember?"

Jacob warmly pressed the hand the lady had offered him, and answered with equal affection: "Of course I do! But you seem hardly to have passed your twenty-fifth year; always so—"

"Jacob! Why kill truth for the sake of a mere compliment? Can't you see that my hair is perfectly white?"

"Pshaw! That is a mere refinement of coquetry. You powder your hair like the Marchionesses of the court of Louis XV!"

The Marchioness laughed, and Jacob seated himself upon a chair, finding that he was slightly embarrassed after this first greeting. Hoping to force the Marchioness to speak first on the subject in his mind, he talked of how politicians of all the schools and causes were flocking to Biarritz. At this the Marchioness broke the ice by remarking pointedly: "Yes. It would seem that Biarritz is the scene chosen for diplomatic relations."

JACOB played; he did not understand what she meant, and replied in the dictatorial manner of the politician: "The issue is very doubtful. I believe no cause will succeed."

"None?" queried the Marchioness, laughing. "Not even mine?"

"That's quite another thing," replied Jacob, smiling.

"No one can resist petticoat diplomacy. I have heard it said that the world is ruled by petticoats—skirts and cassocks."

"Is that so, Herr Bismarck? I presume that you know that I have been appointed plenipotentiary."

"Yes," answered Jacob. "I have the credentials with me." He laid on the top of the table between them the letter which his wife had written the evening before, dictated by the Marchioness of Villasis. The latter read it carefully, as though she had not seen it before, and then returned it to Jacob,

saying: "It seems quite correct. Now Bismarck may tell me what he proposes to do."

"I think it more fitting," said Jacob, "that M. Antonelli—shall we say?—should expound her policy, or rather his, first, before me."

"Very well, I shall expound mine first, waving all ceremony. My policy is: 'Our Father who art in Heaven—Thy will be done—Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us—Lead us not into temptation—Deliver us from evil.'"

The Marchioness so stressed some of these words that her policy was easily understood by Jacob. He, whose sins were thus pardoned, understood her remarks to mean but this, and was filled with hope.

"This is Italian policy," he said. "It is very clever."

"Roman, not Italian," replied the Marchioness. "It is very holy."

JACOB thought that the moment had arrived when it would be better to drop that humorous tone used by Spaniards even in their most serious moments.

"Listen to me, Maria," he said. "I am pleased to arrange this matter with you rather than with Elvira, for you are a woman who knows the world, and can therefore the more readily understand my position. Elvira is an angel with swan's wings. You are an angel with the wings of an eagle."

It was a well-turned simile, and the Marchioness smiled at the compliment.

"My situation," continued Jacob, "is simply this. I have been much in the world, and I am tired of it. The higher I have been raised in life, the more contemptible have my triumphs become to me. I have ascended to high peaks—"

"You should not say *ascended*, but *descended*," interrupted the Marchioness. "You should say that you have descended into the mire and lost sight of virtue, that all ideas of honor and decency were lost."

This sudden attack disconcerted Jacob. He bit his lips and said bitterly: "This is Roman policy filled with intolerance."

"Yours then is Bismarckian, with criminal—notice that I say criminal—condescensions."

JACOB paled with anger and bowed his head. He knew that his evasive moral criterion,

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which covers vices with pompous names, was rejected as false under present circumstances; that the Roman policy called vice, vice; and infamy, infamy. He therefore came to the conclusion that he had made a mistake in trying to justify his past. He resolved to repudiate his past emphatically.

"You are doubtless right, Maria," he said at length. "But you must admit that it is not at all charitable to refuse to lend a helping hand to one who wishes to live decently. Father Cifuentes," he added, "who is more Roman than you are, has not refused."

"What did Father Cifuentes say to you?"

"He gave me this letter to give to you." And Jacob handed the letter to her.

The Marchioness read this, as she read the previous one, as if its contents were unknown to her. Then she said: "This is quite another thing. Father Cifuentes' slightest word is law to me. Explain what you wish to me carefully and concisely."

Jacob at last believed that he was mastering the situation. What plan could he have other than of passing his whole life in fervent adoration of Elvira, satisfied with burning at a distance, like the candle of a beggar, on the lowest portion of the altar? He owned an old castle in Granada, with lands and forests, where he hoped to retire, and there realize the ideal Grandee of old Spain, as master and protector of the district. Would Elvira go with him to this retreat? There would be noble work there aplenty.

HE Marchioness listened to his romantic and eloquent tirade with extreme wonder, for among Elvira's papers she had the deed of sale for the very castle of which Jacob spoke, sold to satisfy Jacob's creditors, and which Elvira had secretly purchased from the usurers in order to own this last relic of the family to which her son belonged.

The Marchioness still smiled good-humoredly in the face of this ignoble farce, and hastened to tell Jacob that she could imagine no plan more in keeping with Elvira's tastes; that she accepted it without hesitation and would herself indorse the plan.

"Is it not true that mine is a splendid idea?" exclaimed Jacob. To be sure, he added, he had heard in Paris that Elvira had won an important law-suit and was, as a result, very wealthy. This had made him hesitate in his plan, because the world was malicious and would not hesitate to say that this step of his was due not to repentance for past evil, but merely a play for his wife's money. That is why he had proposed retiring to his castle where they could live on an income which was his own.

"As I hear you, Jacob, the more my ideas coincide with yours. Any decent man would feel as you feel, and I have a very simple remedy for all your scruples."

"What is that?" queried Jacob, in suspense.

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THE Marchioness raised the lid of her desk, and taking out the document which she had written the evening before, showed it to Jacob, saying with a frank and charming smile: "Sign this, and the Rubicon is crossed."

Jacob read the document with surprise. His lips contracted and his cheeks reddened. "But, Maria: this is impossible. I can never sign this."

The document was a complete renunciation of all authority which the law might allow in the administration of his wife's property, or in the management of his son's patrimony. Jacob was furious at finding himself caught in his own meshes, while the Marchioness, seemingly much astonished, asked him: "Why can't you sign? What's wrong about this?"

"If—if I sign that, I would renounce my position as a husband."

"On the contrary, it raises your position and dignity as a husband in public opinion."

"There are surely cases where the testimony of one's own conscience is sufficient for a man of honor."

"But, man of honor! You have said that honor depends on public opinion."

Jacob could find no way of escape by argument; so breaking through all forms of constraint, he cried angrily: "Roman policy, with all its vile priestly intrigues!"

"Be careful what you say, Jacob!" exclaimed the Marchioness emphatically, "or you will make me think that your Bismarckian policy covers some infamy."

"Yours covers some intrigue in which Father Cifuentes' hand is visible."

"Father Cifuentes' hand! Poor Father Cifuentes! I cannot detect it."

JACOB was silent. Finally the Marchioness asked him, without losing her serene placidity: "Do you absolutely decline to sign this?"

"I shall not sign," replied Jacob furiously.

"Then it is evident that if the reconciliation is not to be effected, that the fault is yours and yours alone, for your wife has yielded all that can be yielded, and your very suspicious obstinacy destroys all that might have been accomplished."

"I ignore all that you and that Cifuentes have been plotting. But I shall have some kind of understanding with Elvira."

"Elvira will not come to Biarritz."

"I will go, then, to where she is."

"I think you will not!"

"We are not separated legally, and the law allows me to reclaim my wife and son whenever I so please."

The Marchioness drew herself up in her chair in a menacing manner: "Try to do that. Dare to do that, and the second you make a move she will present to the court a plea for a divorce which will ruin you entirely."

"Let her present it, if she so wishes. Where are the proofs?"

"She has them, Jacob! Sufficient for a divorce, and enough to imprison someone! Patience has a limit, and also for foxes, when lambs cease to be lambs!"

THE Marchioness' insinuation frightened Jacob and he immediately tried to discover if the existence of these proofs was but a pretence.

"You cannot terrify me with mere words," he cried disdainfully. "My conscience tells me that no such proofs exist."

"Maybe your eyes will convince your conscience," said the Marchioness quickly. Opening a little drawer in her desk, she showed Jacob from a distance a package consisting of four or five letters, saying: "Rosa Penarron's handwriting and yours are so clear that experts would not be needed in court to identify them."

All the blood in Jacob's body rushed to his face, and with one of those brutal instincts which show themselves in the natural man, he made a move as if to snatch them from the woman. But she, quick as lightning, ran to the open window, and leaning out with the letters in her hand, cried with great vehemence: "Mademoiselle, take the rope away from Monica or she will fall!" Then, turning toward Jacob, a trifle pale but still calm, she added, still at the window: "I thought she would kill herself! Children are always frightening one."

Jacob had remained in his seat, but now stammered: "Is Monica with you?"

"Of course she is! Would you like to see her?"

And, without pausing for an answer, she called again: "Mademoiselle, bring the child in here."

Monica soon entered, followed by her governess, and ran to jump onto her grandmother's lap, looking at Jacob with the smile of a child who is petted by everybody.

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COMPLETELY surprised, Jacob paid no attention to her, seeking in vain for an explanation as to how Elvira had secured possession of these letters, which were undeniable proofs of one of the most compromising episodes of his career. The Marchioness kissed her grandchild affectionately, thanking God from the bottom of her heart for having given Jacob this blow from a tin-bladed sword; for these terrible papers were but a few letters from her lawyers, which she had kept in the little drawer of her desk.

What she had accused Jacob of was certain, but no proofs existed; and Rosa Penarron, his only accomplice, having been dead for two years, it would be impossible for Jacob to discover the deception.

Jacob coldly took his leave. Filled with rage, bewildered, he jumped into his carriage and told

the driver to go to an hotel in Bayonne where he had stayed the night before. Biarritz was too small to stay hidden there successfully from the Spanish politicians and emigrants who thronged the place since the fall of Amadeo and the proclamation of the Republic.

There could be no doubt that Jacob's undecceiving had been a cruel one, and with his illusions destroyed, there arose in his soul a terrible anxiety and fury against the Marchioness of Villasis and Father Cifuentes, the rage which the wicked feel against those who, they know, have full right to despise them. Of all the wounds which he carried in his soul, none hurt him more than that one of the victors had been a priest.

In the full fury of his rage he felt like strangling the quick witted Marchioness of Villasis with the bandana handkerchief of the hypocritical Cifuentes.

(To be continued)

St. Augustine's Seasonable Homily

THE feast of the Precious Blood is now immovable and is assigned to the first day of July.

The Church dedicates this month to the special honor of the Precious Blood. The gospel of the feast includes the verse from St. John "But one of the soldiers with a spear opened His Side, and immediately there came out blood and water." We transcribe St. Augustine's commentary:

"The evangelist carefully chose his word, not saying "he pierced" or "he wounded" or any other, but "he opened" His Side, for then in a certain manner a door of life was opened whence issued the sacraments of the Church, without which there is no entering into the life which is the true life. This blood which came forth was shed for the remission of sins. Water gives wholesome refreshment: this water also cleanses and refreshes. We are reminded that Noah made a door in the side of the ark by which the animals that were not to perish might enter, by all of which the Church was foreshadowed. Similarly the first woman was formed from the side of the sleeping man, and she was called *life* and the mother of the living. Thus a great blessing was

indicated even before the great evil of the fall. Upon the second Adam, his Head bowed, a sleep is cast and unto Him a Spouse is formed who came forth from the Side of Him sleeping.

O Death, whereby the dead are revived! What is there fairer than that Blood? What more wholesome than that wound? . . . Men were held in bondage by the devil and ministered to demons; but now they are delivered from bondage. They were able to surrender themselves, but to free themselves they were unable. The Redeemer came and paid the price, shed His Blood and ransomed the world. Do ye ask what He purchased? Behold what He gave and you will discover what He bought. The Blood of Christ is the price. What is its value? What but the whole world? What but all nations? Men either fail to esteem their ransom or are exceedingly vain who say that the price sufficed to deliver only one nation, or that they themselves are so mighty that it could be given only for them. Banish the vain thought. What He gave, He gave for all."

What Do You Know About:

Vocations?

HFEW years ago a priest and teacher in a foreign seminary, who consequently had much to do with the important question of vocation, wrote a book on this most important subject. In this book called "The Priestly Vocation," he combats the prevailing idea that a vocation consists in the *subjective feeling* that God wishes one to enter the priesthood; or, in a certain *attraction* or *inclination* to that state.

The author did not deny that a vocation is necessary for the priesthood, but contrary to the commonly accepted belief, said that the vocation required is nothing more nor less than the call of the bishop admitting one to Holy Orders. With reason we can infer from this teaching, that in the case of one desirous of entering the religious life, vocation consists in the call from the superiors of a community to the aspirant to profess the vows of religion. However, before such a call comes from the bishop or religious superiors, there is no such thing as vocation; there can be at most, only a fitness or disposition to receive such a call.

Such positive and unmistakable teaching opposed to the generally received opinion called forth a storm of protest. Immediately a dispute arose about the doctrine of vocation. This was finally settled when the Holy Father, Pope Pius X. approved the book and its teachings and decreed as follows:

1. No one has any right to ordination antecedently to the free choice of the bishop.

2. One condition to be looked for on the part of the one to be ordained, and which is called the sacerdotal vocation, by no means consists, at least not necessarily and as ordinary law, in a certain *internal aspiration* of the subject or an *incitement* of the Holy Ghost, to enter the priesthood.

3. On the contrary, nothing more is required in the one to be ordained than that he be lawfully called by the bishop; that he have a right intention, together with the fitness found in those gifts of grace and nature, and proven by that probity of life and sufficient learning. All which give a well grounded hope that he will worthily perform the

duties of a priest, and comply with his obligations in a holy manner.

This then is the doctrine of the Church in regard to this important subject. It is the vocation which gives one the right to become a priest. God does not manifest a vocation independently of the call of the bishop to Holy Orders. The bishop's call is to be regarded as the call of God, or, vocation properly so called.

In the second paragraph the Church expressly declares that the vocation which is necessary for ordination, does not consist (at least not necessarily, nor ordinarily) in an interior feeling or attraction to enter the priesthood.

The Church finally teaches that the bishop in giving the call to Holy Orders and to the priesthood must be assured that the aspirant has a right intention and that he be fitted for this sublime office physically mentally and morally. What has been said thus far concerning the priesthood, applies by inference to the religious life. The idea which has been held by many since the Seventeenth century that vocation consists in the *subjective feeling* that God wishes one to be a priest, or, in the *inclination* or *attraction* for the priesthood, is utterly false and calculated to do much harm.

We come now to some practical conclusions. What must the boy or girl, the young man or young woman do in order to decide what state of life they shall embrace? In other words, how are they to find out if they are called, or have a vocation to the priesthood, the religious life, or to the married state?

After long and earnest prayer and frequent reception of the sacraments they should ask themselves these two questions:

1. Am I able, physically, mentally, and holily, to fulfill the duties of this state in life?

2. Is my *intention* in desiring to enter this state of life pleasing in the eyes of God?

If the conscientious answer to these two questions be in the affirmative, you need have no hesitation in aspiring to enter the priesthood, the religious life, or, the married state.

Archconfraternity of



the Sacred Passion

The Heart of Jesus Crucified

UNTIL now, in the successive numbers of THE SIGN, we have explained the Nature and End of this Archconfraternity.

If anyone should wish further information on this subject, we request them to write to THE SIGN, and their questions will be answered in the next issue of the magazine.

As this Section of THE SIGN is devoted to the interests of the Archconfraternity of the Passion, all important announcements, as also all items of news from the different branches of the Archconfraternity will henceforth appear herein. We invite the Reverend Directors of the Different branches to send us, from time to time, for publication, items of news which are of more than local interest, and which will tend to advance the grand purpose of the Archconfraternity.

Our chief object, however, in this section of THE SIGN will, hereafter, be to give practical instructions on the subject of Meditation on Christ's Sacred Passion. After devoting some short space to Archconfraternity Announcements, to Answers to Questions from the Members, and to News Items from the different Branches, we will treat of the subject of Meditation on the Passion of Jesus Christ.

NECESSITY OF MEDITATION FOR A CHRISTIAN LIFE

MEDITATION on the great truths of religion is indispensably necessary for a true Christian life. The Christian life is a supernatural life—a life animated, ruled, controlled and guided by the supernatural truths of religion. These truths have been revealed to us by God purposely that they might serve us as the light and guide and animating principle of our life. Mere knowledge of them, however, is not sufficient.

Now Meditation is the only natural means by which such deep conviction, keen appreciation and vivid realization of truth can be attained. This is

owing to the very condition of the human mind, at least in its present state. Truth cannot be thoroughly appreciated and vividly grasped without a mental effort. We must open the eyes of the mind and gaze fixedly upon truth, if we will take it in, bring it home, thoroughly grasp its meaning and vividly realize its import, just as we must open our bodily eyes and gaze fixedly at material objects, if we will take them in and apprehend them in such a way as to be impressed by them. This opening of the mind's eyes and gazing fixedly at truth is what is meant by Meditation.

"MY HEART GREW HOT WITHIN ME AND IN MY MEDITATION A FIRE SHALL FLAME OUT." says holy David. 'Tis through Meditation and only through meditation that the flame of faith and religious fervor is kept alive and the fire of divine love and zeal are enkindled in the soul.

On the other hand the radical cause of all sin and religious indifference in this world, is the neglect of serious thought or meditation on the truths of religion. Men allow their minds and hearts to be completely engrossed with the things of this world and don't give themselves time to take a serious view of life—to think of God and their souls and the life after death. "WITH DESOLATION IS THE WHOLE LAND MADE DESOLATE, BECAUSE THERE IS NO ONE WHO THINKS IN HIS HEART." says the Prophet Jeremias.

PECULIAR EFFICACY OF MEDITATION ON THE PASSION

ALL that we say here of the salutary effects of Meditation on the truths of religion is particularly true of Meditation on the Sacred Passion of our Lord and Saviour. The Passion of Jesus Christ is an epitome of all His teaching—a summing up and confirmation of all the truths of religion.

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Nothing reveals so clearly the majesty and sanctity and justice of God as the atonement which Jesus was required to make for human sin; nothing proclaims so loudly the vanity of all things earthly as the sufferings Jesus underwent for human salvation; nothing brings home so vividly the goodness of God for men as the death Jesus endured through love of men. How can anyone think seriously of the details of Christ's Passion—the Agony in the Garden, the Scourging at the Pillar, the Crowning with Thorns, the Mockery and Insults, and the Bloody Tragedy of Calvary and not be deeply impressed.

MEDITATION ON THE PASSION

The Distinctive Feature of the Passionist Order.

QOW this Meditation on the Passion is the distinctive feature of the Passionist Order. St. Paul of the Cross, our Holy Founder, was preeminently the Saint of the Crucified. 'Twas meditation on the Passion that made him a saint. The thought of the sufferings of Jesus was ever uppermost in his mind. His own experience, therefore, convinced him that what meditation on the Passion had effected in his soul, it could also effect in the souls of others, and this led him to establish his Order. So that Passionists are first to sanctify themselves through habitual meditation on the Passion, and then, they are to labor for the salvation and sanctification of others by striving to lead them to meditate on the Passion. Speaking of his missionaries, St. Paul says: "Let them teach the people to meditate devoutly on the mysteries, sufferings and death of our Lord Jesus Christ, from whom as from a fountain proceedeth all our good. This profitable and salutary consideration is a most efficacious means for withdrawing the minds of men from iniquity and leading them on to the Christian perfection at which we aim." "And," he continues, "Let them briefly and perspicuously deliver rules for meditation on the Passion and Death of Jesus Christ, and spare no pains to render this meditation very frequent and continual." And again in another place in his Rules, he repeats the same injunction: "Let them not only exhort, but also instruct the people how to meditate piously on the mysteries of the Life, Passion and Death of our Lord Jesus Christ. Let them teach and instruct them to accustom themselves to prayer, and at the same time, lay open and refute the pernicious error of some who imagine that meditation on Divine

Things is an employment proper only for Religious and for the Clergy."

MEDITATION ON THE PASSION

The Grand Object of the Archconfraternity

QOW the Archconfraternity of the Passion is one of the ways by which the Passionist Order promotes this devotion to Christ's Passion. The grand object of this Archconfraternity is to lead Christian people to the regular practice of meditation on Christ's Sacred Passion. This is why we will for the future, every month, devote some space in THE SIGN to the all important subject of Meditation on Christ's Passion. We propose to explain the Nature of Meditation or Mental Prayer; to expound a Method of Mental Prayer; and especially to give numerous instances or samples of Meditations on our Lord's Sacred Passion, so as to afford every help to the practice of daily meditation on the Passion.

We feel assured that these instructions on the subject of Meditation on the Passion, will be most welcome to the readers of THE SIGN, especially to the members of the Archconfraternity. There are vast numbers of truly devout Catholics in this country to-day, frequent communicants, who sincerely desire to live all for God and to grow in His holy love—Catholics who are not contented with merely performing their strict duty by keeping the Commandments of God and His Church, but are ambitious to do more than what is of strict obligation; who really yearn for Christian Perfection and for a life of prayer and union with God, but are held back by ignorance of a Method of Meditation or Mental Prayer. Perhaps they never even heard of such a thing as mental prayer or at least never understood that it was something which the laity should practice as well as the clergy and religious. If such generous souls could be brought to understand the benefits of Mental Prayer or Meditation—especially Meditation on Christ's Sacred Passion, and if they could be induced to give some time daily to this exercise, how rapid would be their spiritual progress!

We hope to reach many of these devout souls through the pages of THE SIGN, and in the words of St. Paul of the Cross, "lay open and refute the pernicious error that meditation on Divine things is an employment proper only for religious and the clergy."

With the Passionists in China

Famine

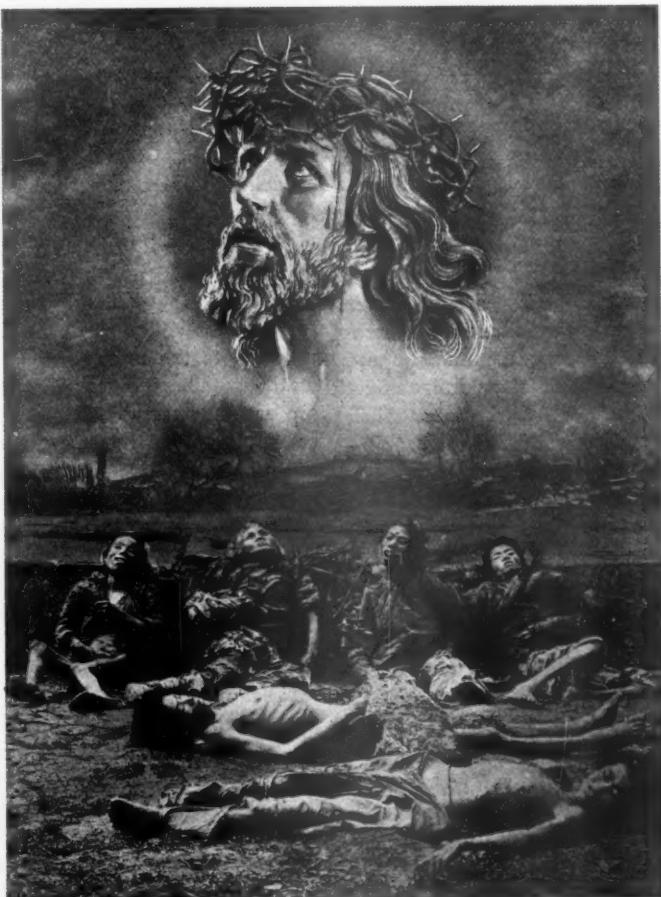
IT was, I think, an inspiration to finish our last letter to THE SIGN while on board the river steamer in sight of Shen Cho Fu, as it would have been next to impossible to add anything to it after arrival for many reasons, which this letter shall give in detail and at length. In that same letter we promised to give some idea of our Mission and our plans for the future in its regard. We think now it were better to defer this to yield place to what is of more pressing need, and doubtless of greater interest to the readers of THE SIGN.

You have already received, it is assumed, several short letters that we sent, as it was not possible at the time to send more detailed information concerning the famine that is raging like a vast conflagration over a large area of North and West Hunan. The district affected was entirely in charge of the Spanish Augustinian Fathers. Since we came and have taken formal possession of the district assigned to us by the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, we share with the Augustinians the area included in the Famine District.

It may seem rash to say that few, if any, of the readers of THE SIGN

can imagine the pitiable sights and intense sufferings that are implied in the one word "FAMINE."

DURING the last two years there has been insufficient



*"I WAS HUNGRY AND YOU GAVE ME TO EAT—
"AS LONG AS YOU DID IT TO THE LEAST OF MY BRETHREN, YOU DID IT*

rainfall for the crops of rice to mature fully. In consequence there was a stunted growth of the grain, which ripened all too soon under the burning sun. These meagre crops were gathered in and the rice in reserve was used up in the winter

months of 1920-1921. The Chinese merchants are not less wise than the merchants elsewhere, and profiteering was the order of the day. Rice was scarce, and they who had it demanded enormous prices, and the middle classes and the poor were barely able to live through last year. There was some want and some deaths, but it was mostly in the outlying districts, and in Hunan it never became general.

Another cause of shortage was the civil war in China. The regular and rebel army had to be provisioned, so advance agents were sent into every section of the country and offered tempting prices to those who held the stores of grain. The added profit was eagerly grasped and the rice was transported to a central depot to be requisitioned and sent to the soldiers when needed.

NO alarm was sounded and no fears were entertained, for the Chinese as a race are not a far-seeing people, and worry seldom disturbs the calmness of their souls. The winter

was quite spent and soon the new crops would be harvested, so why be disturbed or uneasy? Instead of anticipating danger they rather rejoiced at the large profits that had come to them, at least, so thought the profiteers.

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But the next year's crop was an utter failure! The long continued drought of last summer burned up the young shoots, and the harvest was not more than 5% normal. The merchants who had even a meagre stock of rice demanded prohibitive prices, and the common people were soon reduced to extremities. The scarcity of food has now extended to every class, and to-day no one in North or West Hunan, rich or poor, can see any relief till the next crop is gathered in the early fall.

GHERE is no assistance to be expected from the Government, nor from other Provinces of China. When famine devastates one Province the others are apathetic or indifferent to the cry of distress; nor is it certain that the cry of distress is heard by the rest of China.

The means of communication—telegraph and telephone—are not to be found in the interior; even in large cities they are few in number, primitive in arrangement, most annoying, and unreliable. Newspapers and magazines are few and the means at their command for gathering news meagre to the last degree. There are no railroads near us; and when the water is low in streams and lakes, time or schedule means nothing. The coming or going of boats is most uncertain, and can never be relied on. From all these circumstances and conditions it can readily be seen that relief organizations such as you know in America are not to be expected here. A flood or an earthquake occurs in one locality in America to-day, and before nightfall, relief trains supplied by State and Federal Authorities are speeding to the rescue. But here in China it is literally true that one District or Province has no care nor concern about its neighbors.

The foregoing will help the readers of THE SIGN to understand the causes that have led up to the crisis of "FAMINE" that is now present in Hunan; the lack of

regular inter-change of information between districts, and why the situation is not being relieved. The soldiers of both regular and rebel army are not suffering want; they are as well rationed now as in times of plenty, but the civilians, men, women and children, are in abject poverty and dying of starvation.

GHE actual condition is beyond description. One must be



A STEADY STREAM OF SUCH VISIT THE MISSION FOR FOOD

here to see and then only, can one realize what it means. Many of the children have become deformed, crippled, and blind from lack of nourishment. Deaths among the children are most numerous.

The other day the Spanish Father who is with us called me to the door. A woman clad in rags and tatters begs for food, and a little medicine for the baby. Two tiny tots are huddled in a basket strapped to her back. One of the babies is dying, beyond all doubt. It is starved to death as is the mother. We give the woman a bowl of rice. Then Father says: "I will now give

the medicine to the baby; the only medicine that will do this child any good." I raise my hand and pronounce the words, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." This is a daily, almost an hourly occurrence.

On the Feast of the Seven Sorrows of Mary a man came to the Mission with a child tied to his back. It was indeed a pitiable sight that greeted us, when he unstrapped his burden and laid it before us. An infant, not more than a few months old, emaciated and wasted to a mere skeleton. It was blind in both eyes, the nose eaten away almost entirely, and the little body covered from head to foot with disgusting sores that emitted a fetid odor. The father asked for medicine. We knew its days were numbered so Father Raphael carried it to the church and baptized it; undoubtedly it has used its passport to heaven long before this.

A FEW days after that a boy came to the Mission and by shouting and excited gesticulations asked us to come at once. Father Timothy went with him and the sight that greeted him would make a life-long impression if it was not being repeated in equally harassing fashion each day. The father and mother and five of the seven children were huddled together on the floor from weakness and from disease that follows in the track of starvation. He baptized the parents and the children. The mother died the same night with one of the children. The following day the father died, and within the next two days three other children. We brought the two orphans to the Mission and if need be, shall do without food rather than allow the first ones whom Providence has sent, to go without shelter or food.

If we had an orphan asylum to care for the abandoned babies and for the children who are brought

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to us, we could reach out for hundreds of little ones who are dying without baptism. The other day I picked up a New York newspaper that was used in packing our trunks, and the heading that caught my eye was:

"Americans Offer \$10.00 A Bunch For Paris Asparagus."

Imagine my thoughts as I read this! Is it possible that there are among such Americans wealthy Catholics, who squander the price of salvation for dainties and luxuries whilst literally thousands of human beings are starving to death for the absolute necessities of life? I have thought of the money spent for movies and theatres and luxuries of all kinds, and it staggers one to think of these things and to see our helplessness in the face of such misery.

IF only some one from here could go there and preach not only in the churches but on the street corners as well, and make known what famine and starvation mean! It is certain that for every dollar given to the Mission a soul can be won for the Church and for Jesus Crucified. What slogan would be more appealing: "A SOUL FOR A DOLLAR!" Oh, tell the people, and tell the readers of THE SIGN, and tell everyone in America how precious in God's eyes are souls, and the privilege that is theirs to help the work in China and in other foreign Mission Fields. It is no exaggeration to say that hundreds could be fed for an entire week for the \$10.00 spent for a single bunch of asparagus.

Fortunately we were able to help many and are still helping many with the money given us before our departure from America. We shall continue our help to the last penny and feel certain that God will send more when our funds are exhausted.

SO far, I have written only or principally of the famine as it affects the children; but

the adult population is suffering as much and in many instances, more; for natural instincts are not dead in many of the Chinese, even among the pagans. They will suffer hunger themselves to give to their children. One family was visited and they were at the time eating. Each one had a bowl of boiled grass with a few grains of rice, but so few, that the rice in the bowls of the entire family would not fill a tablespoon.



THE REMNANT OF A FAMILY OF SEVEN FAMINE VICTIMS

And this is the kind of nourishment that alone is available for most of the people.

In some places the parents sell their children, principally the girls, at \$2.00 a head. They are sold at public auction, and at times are given for one Mexican dollar. Reports have come to us that parents in utter distress and distraction have killed and eaten their own children.

All this widespread and general misery will continue till the next crop of rice is gathered. The soldiers and government officials have full and plenty, and they show no concern for the men and women who

are about them and in extreme want. One official was heard to say when representations were made to him: "After all, what difference does it make? These many who are starving to death now, will make rice cheaper for those who are alive next year!"

HE government has established one relief station in Shen Cho Fu (and there should be at least a score or a hundred). This station is located in a pagan temple at the northern end of the city. Here a continued stream of poor starved humanity is pouring in all day. Each one at certain hours is given a watery soup that is supposed to keep them alive till the next day. As each receives his scanty allotment a dash of green paint is put on his face to show the public that he has received his share of the government bounty, and to prevent his returning a second time. To view these wrecks of humanity as they go and come from the temple, would draw pity from a heart of stone.

The other day a woman came to one of the Fathers asking him to buy two big water jars, so as to be able with the money to buy something for her starving brother. He gave her a dollar and told her to keep the jars. When she showed the money to her brother he was pleased and said: "Now give me a bowl of rice and then I shall die contented." So it happened. He was given the bowl of rice and the next day he died. He was in such a weakened condition that no nourishment could save him.

HERE are so many cases like this that they become ordinary and commonplace. There are hundreds of homes in which for months no fire has been lighted, because they have nothing to cook. They have sold their utensils and household furniture, yes, and clothing and other necessities, to be able

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to buy something to eat; when everything is sold, nothing remains for them but a terrible and gnawing death from starvation.

Nightly they die in the streets. Nude skeleton figures are found in groups in the fields and roadways where they dropped and died from hunger; their skin drawn over their wasted bones. Each morning as the sun rises it is but to show the tragedies that famine has wrought during the dark hours of the night. No exact figures can be given of the number of those who have died, or who will die before this terrible scourge has spent its fury. Many die in their homes, or out in the fields. To the government they are only groups of beggars, and when they are gone so many less to care for and feed.

T is worthy of note that whilst the conditions are extreme with no relief in sight, and the authorities show no concern, the people are patient and seldom exhibit impatience or discontent, much less show any disposition to resort to violence which desperation might readily provoke. There are isolated instances but they are the exception.

Three hundred famine sufferers invaded the city of Poo Tung, but were pacified when the merchants gave them 3000 coppers. The refugees from the famine districts of Hunan were begging for food and for money but were refused all aid by the merchants. Provoked by their taunts and threats they began to rob the shops and stores of everything in sight. The word was soon passed along and soon all the shops were closed and barred; then the refugees began to loot private houses. They were finally induced to leave by the united action of merchants and people.

No estimate has been made of the number who must die for want of food in Hunan. There are 6,000,000 in the grip of famine which has followed on the two years of drought in which no crops have been harvested. More than half of this number are in our Missions.

In the June issue of THE SIGN, it was proposed to begin the founding of two **Burses**; one in honor of the great Founder of the Passionist Order, St. Paul of the Cross, whose tireless and self-sacrificing zeal for souls redeemed by the Precious Blood of our Savior, may well serve as an exemplar to stimulate zeal in this lofty and noble cause.

The second **Burse** was to be in honor of St. Gabriel, the Passionist Student Saint, who died when a mere boy, but whose life was featured by an all absorbing love and sympathy for the Sorrows of Mary.

These **Burses** would insure support and education for two missionaries whose field of labor, would be the Chinese Missions. It is not possible to propose an object more lofty, or more appealing to the deep Faith of Catholic people.

When this proposal was made it was not realized that the **FAMINE** was so general, or so destructive in character. THE SIGN has therefore sent all contributions received thus far to the Fathers in China, asking them in the name of the donors to reach out a helping hand to the **hungry** and **starving** and **dying** people.

Until the **FAMINE** abates in fury, all contributions sent to THE SIGN will be forwarded promptly to the Fathers in China for this most humane and merciful purpose.

Contributions received from May 10th. to June 10th., are hereby gratefully acknowledged:

F. N., W. Hoboken, N. J.....	\$ 5.00
E. S., W. Hoboken, N. J.....	3.00
A. G. H., W. Hoboken, N. J...	2.00
M. M. E., Newark, N. J.....	5.00
N. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	2.00
M. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1.00
E. L., Philadelphia, Pa.....	5.00
A. H., Philadelphia, Pa.....	20.00
Mrs. E. K., Baltimore, Md....	50.00
Miss S., Baltimore, Md.....	5.00
N. O. B., Tuckahoe, N. Y.....	10.00
S. J. P., Danvers, Mass.....	5.00
F. G. H.....	2.00
Anon.	3.00
Anon.	100.00

The cities which are suffering most are Yuan Chow and Shen Cho Fu.

We are fully conscious dear readers of THE SIGN that what we have written is gruesome and harrowing. But if you were here and saw what we see you would know we have given you not the grim reality, but only the barest outline. As we said in this letter the corpses when found are generally nude; for robbers prowl about the city at night and when they come upon a poor wretch who is dying of starvation, they stand about and as soon as he is dead, strip the body and sell the rags for a few coppers or for a little rice. Every day beggars come to the Mission and ask us for rice; they return for a bowl of rice for father or mother, or for son or daughter, and if they came to you, would you have the heart to refuse?

What is it we ask from the readers of THE SIGN? In the first place we ask for prayers for the famine sufferers, to obtain relief; that God will deign to bless this year's crops of rice. We ask prayers for their souls that the sufferings they are now enduring may render them docile to the message of Christ's appeal from the Cross; "And I, when I shall be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself." Pray that the Precious Blood of Jesus will make fruitful the seed of His word here in China.

We ask for your alms, your help, your money. We have spent nearly all we brought from America, but the need is pressing, it is great. Money can never be expended to better advantage for God's sake and Christ's sake than now and here. We ask you to give generously and give quickly, to help the dependents of our Mission here in poor pagan China.

In our next letter we hope to fulfill the promises we have already made, and tell about our Mission and our plans of campaign.

The Passionist Fathers of China,
per Father Celestine, C. P.

Index to Worthwhile Reading

You and Yours. . Martin J. Scott
S. J. P. J. Kenedy & Son. New
York. Price \$1.50.

Home is the fulcrum which the forces of good and evil use to send the world rolling towards heaven or hell. Fr. Scott brings to this vital subject exceptional talent, rare common sense, and an intimate knowledge of the ups and downs, of family life. He talks to each member of the family and tells each in turn, his or her duty in the family circle in language too clear to be misunderstood.

Father is the "head of the family." He should rule the home with gentle firmness, lay down the law only when necessary, but then in no uncertain terms, and form his children more by example than by precept. Character is caught more than it is taught.

Mother is the "heart of the family." It is her privilege to enter deeply into all the joys and sorrows of her husband and children. It is her ability to maintain an habitual sweetness of disposition in all the adverse circumstances of family life, that contributes more than anything else to the making of "Home, Sweet Home." The dignity of Mother is sublime; her responsibility is very great; her influence for good or evil is simply incalculable. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

Sons and daughters are reminded of their duty of honoring, reverencing and obeying their parents; of doing nothing that would displease them; and of consulting them in all matters of importance, especially in the great affair of life,—choosing a wife or husband. Children who break their parents' hearts, will eventually have their own hearts broken.

The final chapters on the higher life will instruct generous souls, anxious to walk in the more perfect way, as to the nature of a religious, or a priestly vocation and the manner of corresponding to it. Also they will be reminded of the rich reward that awaits such a life of

sacrifice,—a reward that will last through-out eternity.

On the whole, the book is a masterpiece. The style is limpidly clear; there is no friction; one reads entire chapters without effort.

We say of this book what we seldom say of any book,—it is all too short!

The Catholic Citizen. John A. Lapp. The Macmillan Co. New York. \$1.00.

This is an excellent book, one of the best of its kind yet published. The author adheres strictly to the purpose expressed in the opening lines of his introduction, "to set forth the essential facts of American citizenship and the civic and social problems with which the citizen must deal.

Starting with the assertion that the "highest purpose of government is the promotion of justice and fair play for all the people," Mr. Lapp proceeds to show how our great democracy endeavors to measure up to this high ideal.

The author justly observes that too often, dishonest members of political machines, are placed in authority to further their own, unlawful interests. "Candidates elected by corrupt practices will serve the interests that bought their election instead of the interests of the people."

We think that the author places too much blame on the ordinary citizen for this regrettable state of affairs. "If politics are corrupt, it is because the citizens are not honest, or, they do not do their duty. . . . they refrain from voting, or fail to vote intelligently." The author seems to forget that precisely here is the "Crux" of the whole political situation, viz: the ordinary citizen's inability to "vote intelligently." How can he do so, when the very source of his information—the daily press is controlled by political machines, and so cleverly manipulated by their agents as to make it scarcely possible even for the man of scholarly

attainments to obtain exact knowledge of the moral character and the political ability of this or that candidate who is 'up' for office.

"Capital and Labor," "Money," "Banks and Banking," and "Insurance" are some of the interesting social problems which are handled very capably.

The appendix contains the "Declaration of Independence" and the "Constitution of the United States."

Bunny's House. E. M. Walker. Benziger Brothers. New York. \$2.00.

The central figure in this story is a good natured, well meaning London lad, Ernest Grills, who is a typical product of a godless education and a godless home. The perpetual fog of the great city in which he is born and bred is symbolical of the habitual state of his soul. He knows not whence he comes, whither he is going; nor anything definite about the God Who made him.

Ernest seeks peace in the quiet of country life at Bunny's house. Several circumstances conduce to his remaining there. Mrs. Parracomb, young, fascinating, intelligent, and a Catholic, comes into his life. At her suggestion he prays daily, "Who shall be my guide? . . . The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost!" Mrs. Parracomb makes a startling avowal; her husband still lives; she is not free. Ernest's dream is shattered. The Light in his soul dies out. He simply does not care about the **Whence** nor the **Whither** of his existence. He determines to break away from the associations which have wrought such woe in his life. Far off Canada beckons; thither he hastens, heading straight for St. Ann de Beaupre, there "to put a candle" for Mrs. Parracomb. Thus the books ends—a gleam of light above the fog.

The book has a realistic touch to it, and leaves the definite impression how difficult it is for the godlessly educated to attain unto Light.

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